OUTDOOR SCULPTURE
PARK IN FORREST ; MAGination ERUPTION

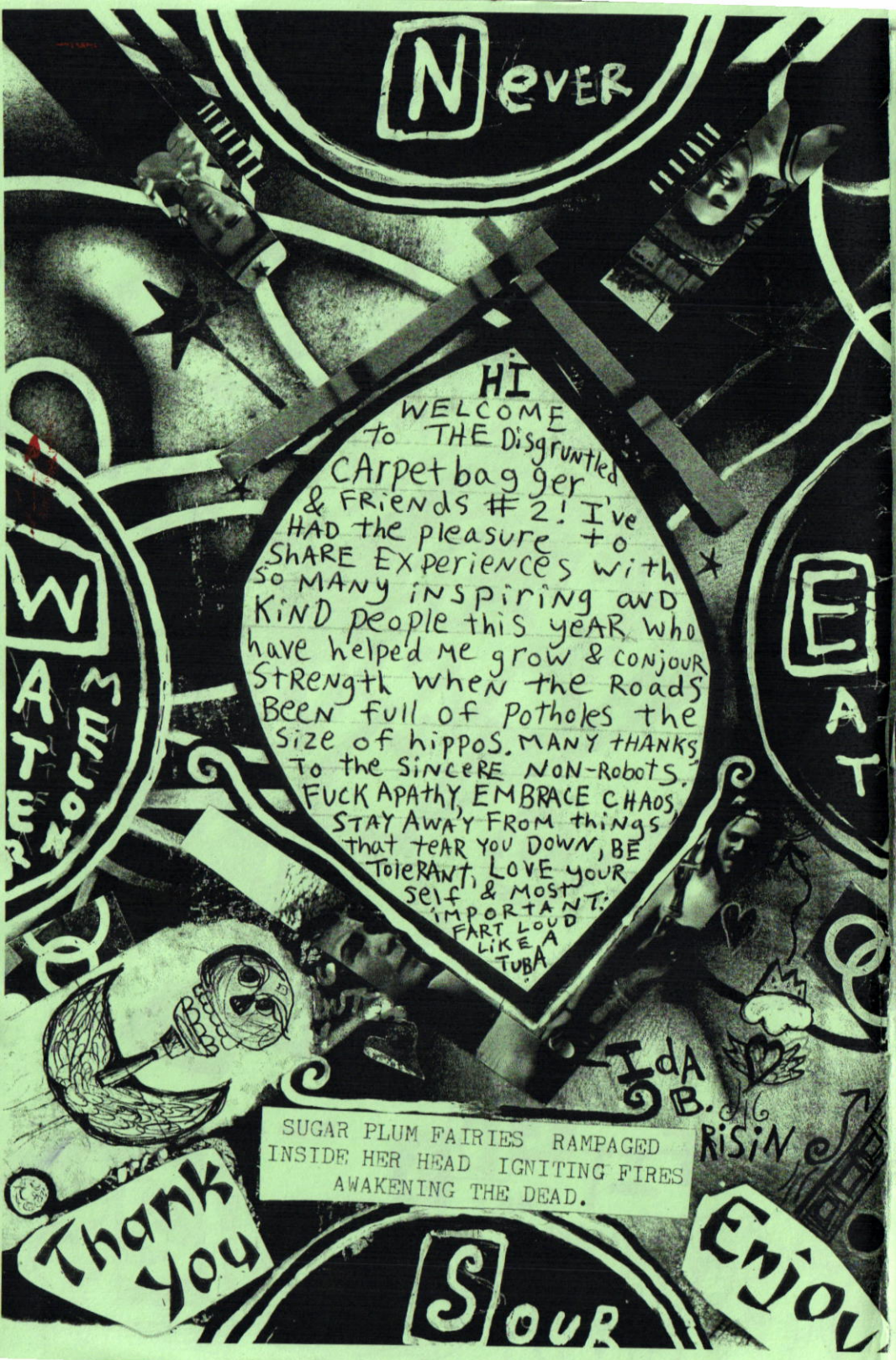
TRISH/MATTY

THE DISGRUNTLED CARPETBAGGER & FRIENDS #2

PROSEEDS BENEFIT THE:

HUMANITARIAN ACTION Collective

2$


Never
Eat
Sour
Enjoy
Thank You
Water
HI
WELCOME to THE Disgruntled CArpet bag ger & FRiends #2! I've HAD the pleasure to SHARE EXperiences with SO MANY inspiring and KiND people this yeAR who have helped me grow & conjour StRength when the RoadS Been full of Potholes the Size of hippoS. MANY tHANKS To the SincERE NON-RobotS. FUCK APATHY, EMBRACE CHAOS, STAY AWAY FROM things that tEAR YOU DOWN, BE TOleRANT, LOVE YOUR self & MOST IMPORTANT: FART LOUD LiKE A TUBA
SUGAR PLUM FAIRIES RAMPAGED INSIDE HER HEAD IGNITING FIRES AWAKENING THE DEAD.
IdA B. RiSiN

I'M Going BACK to the PLACE I WAS BORN.
ALL THAT we are arises with our thoughts
HAPPY TRAILS TO YOU
PLEASE Write Me at: 787 EllsWorth MEMPHIS, TN 38111
I'M GOING BACK TO NEWFOUNDLAND
MAINE
Houlton
Newport
Andrea
Buggey
albuggey@yahoo.com
THE Disgruntled carpetbagger is IDA B. RiSiN: THE Agrarian Librarian: Andrea also get FREE copies of YOUR hybrid zine
SINCERELY— THANKS To All you Fabulous CONTRiBUTORS & Helpers & to D.B. whose LETTERS MAKE ME SO HAPPY!
WHAT SHE AIMS TO BE
SUE MASSEK
Jenny's hus-band left her with ba-bies on her knee. He's Now min-ers make good wages in the county she comes from, + long been gone no mon-ey's come to feed the fam-i-ly. children do get hun-gry Lord, + Jenny's back is strong.
She's a coal min-ing wo-man and that's what she wants to be. She breathes that black and du-ty air, wears pads upon her knees. She's proud to be a wo-man and she's work-ing to be free She's a coal min-ing wo-man and that's what she aims to be.
HONEY SUCKLE BLOSSOM
SWEET BABO

IDA B.
RISIN'
MEMPHIS
AND
LITTLE ROCK
RAIL ROAD!
THIS ROAD IS OPEN
LITTLE ROCK.
Chidester's Line of Stages.
ACTIVE OPERATIONS
THE BITTER END

"PORTLAND, MAINE is just the SAME as SUNNY TENNESSEE ANY OL' PLACE I HANG MY HAT is HOME SWEET HOME to ME"... -JIMMIE RODGERS

"INTO THE FIRE" grace wilson

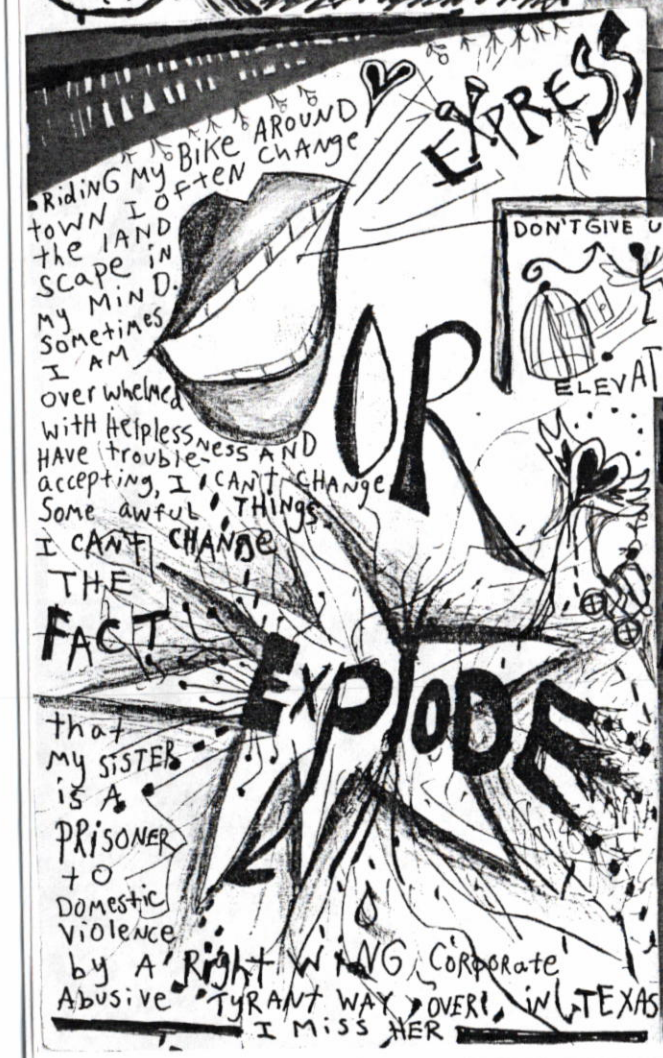
dear andrea-

your brain is made of the finest italian spaghetti and your heart pumps olive oil through your garlic lined veins. i hope your day smells like a good restaurant and has lots of melba toast for free.

EDITORS NOTE: WRITE Any spelling ORGRAMMATICAL CORRECTIONS ON CARD SPRINKLE with GLUE & BROKEN GLASS thAN Shove it up youR RECtum till You SCORE A touCH DOWN in yOR BRAIN

don't eat the butter-- doug

BOARD, fOID into ORAGAMi football



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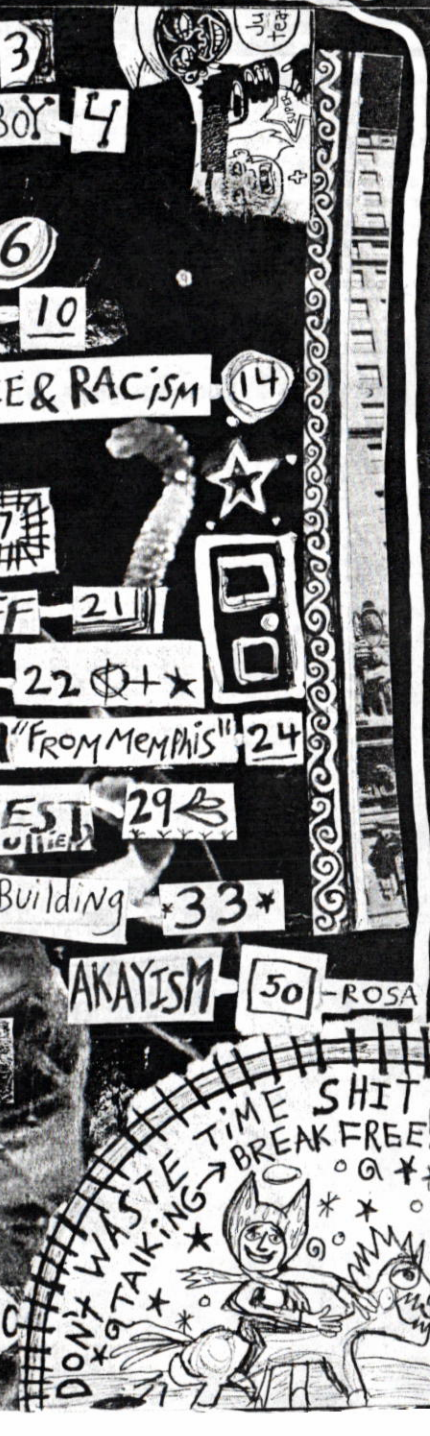
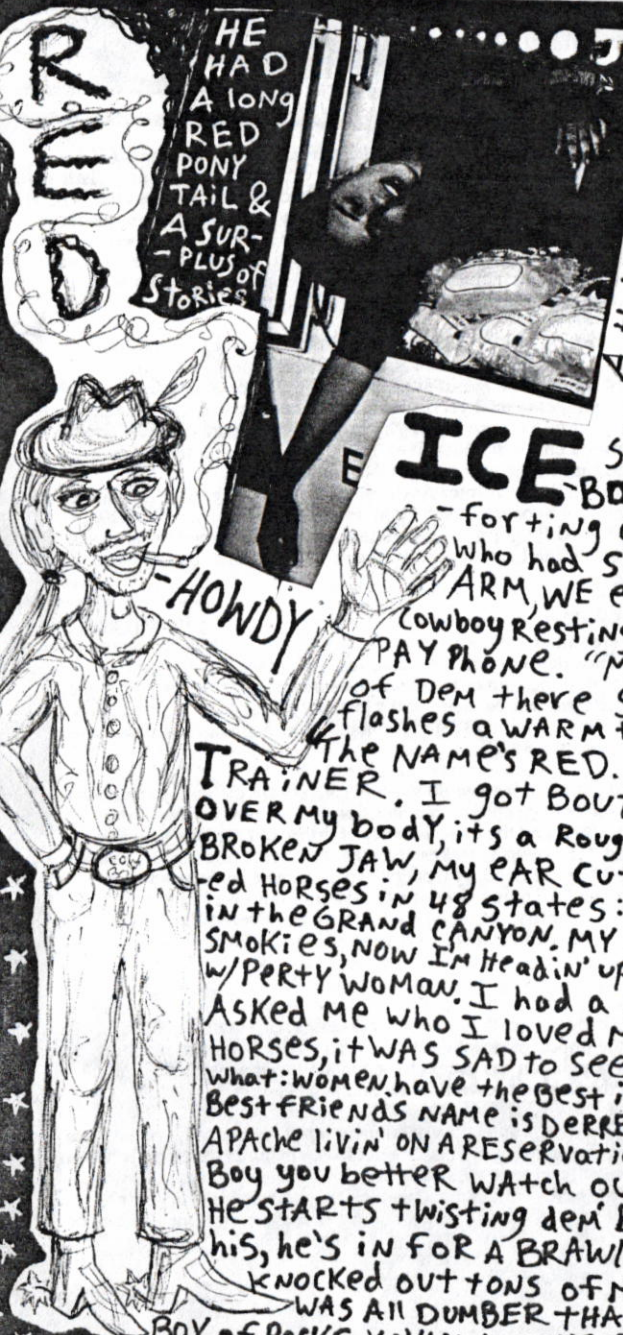
Most everything BY ME UNLESS OTHERWISE Noted



GLEN MEETS HIS 1ST COW-BOY



JUNE

SO THERE WE WERE IN EAST TN. NEARING the end of A traumatic day HITCHIN' OUR CRACKED REDfaces STILL SMILING. LOIT-ERING @ the GAS STATION chillin' in the ICE BOX. After just COM-FORTING a troubled girlfriend who had SLASHER MARKS up her ARM, WE EN COUNTER GLEN'S 1st COWBOY RESTING in the Shade of A PAY PHONE. "MIND if I have one of DEM there SMOKEY treats" He flashes a WARM + CONFIDENT SMILE. "The NAME'S RED.... I'M a HORSE TRAINER. I got BOUT 120 stitches all OVER MY BODY, it's a Rough Job. I've had A BROKEN JAW, MY EAR CUT OFF too. I've TRAIN-ED HORSES in 48 states: even all the ones in the GRAND CANYON. MY RANCH is NEAR the SMOKIES, NOW I'M Headin' up to MONTANA Hitchin w/PERTY WOMAN. I had a wife ONCE, she ASKED ME who I loved MORE: HER or the HORSES, it WAS SAD to SEE her GO. I'll tell you what: WOMEN have the BEST INSTINCTS! MY Best FRIENDS NAME is DERRELL He'S AN 7ft. APACHE livin' ON A RESERVATION in AZ. Boy you better WATCH OUT WHEN HE STARTS twisting dem' BRAIDS of his, he's in FOR A BRAWL. He'S KNOCKED out tons of MEN THEY WAS All DUMBER THAN A BOX of ROCKS. YA'll Kids TAKE CARE BYE"

The misconceptions about cooperatives are so funny, somebody asked me once if we get to have communal sex! Ha ha. No communal sex but there is booty shaking, organizing, baking, gardening, and bike fixing. Soon we'll have a multimedia center. The media center will have computers and other creative supplies that will be open to the public in addition to our zine and large library. We are weirdos and misfits, but caring ones.

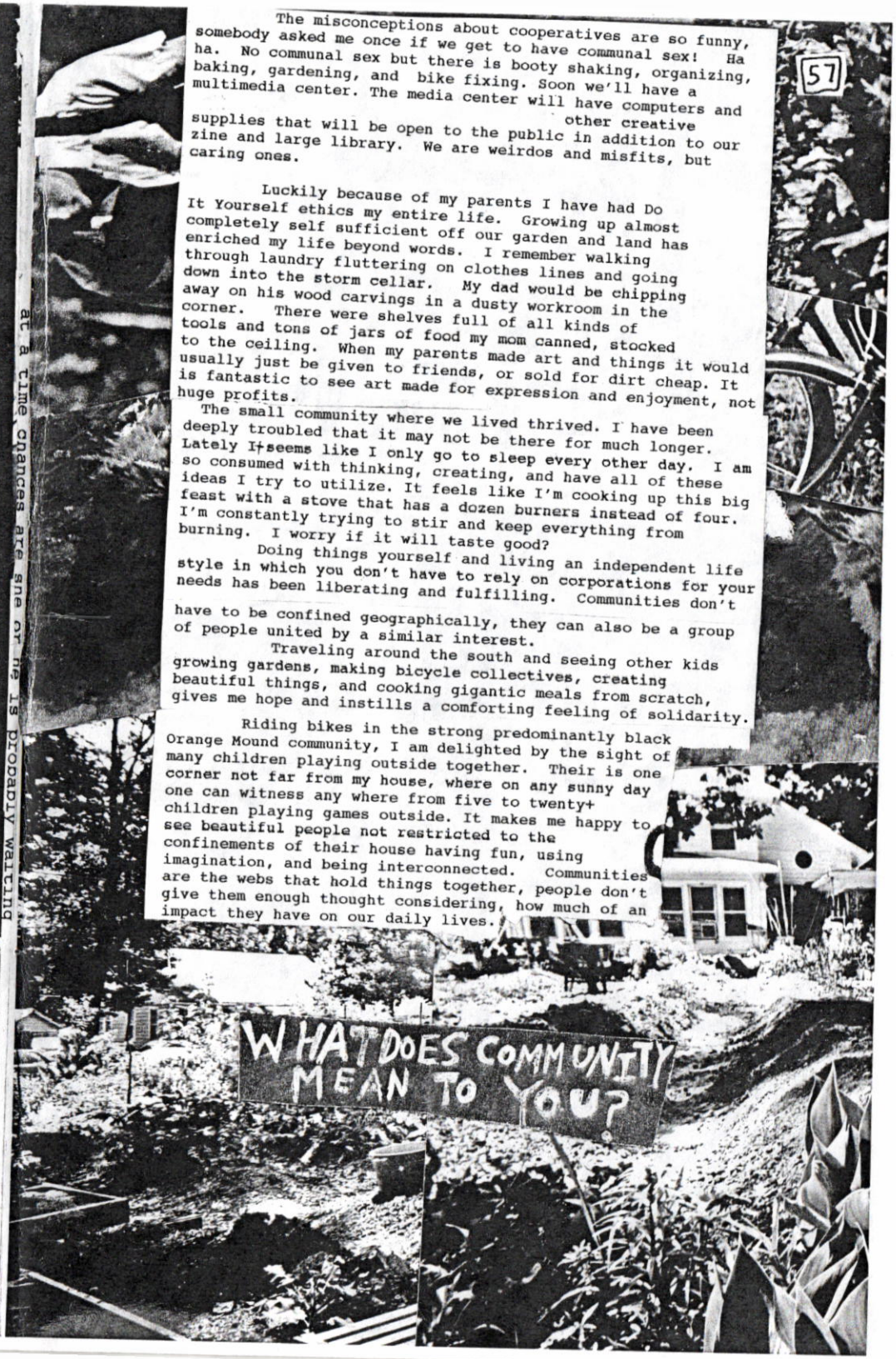
Luckily because of my parents I have had Do It Yourself ethics my entire life. Growing up almost completely self sufficient off our garden and land has enriched my life beyond words. I remember walking through laundry fluttering on clothes lines and going down into the storm cellar. My dad would be chipping away on his wood carvings in a dusty workroom in the corner. There were shelves full of all kinds of tools and tons of jars of food my mom canned, stocked to the ceiling. When my parents made art and things it would usually just be given to friends, or sold for dirt cheap. It is fantastic to see art made for expression and enjoyment, not huge profits.

The small community where we lived thrived. I have been deeply troubled that it may not be there for much longer. Lately It seems like I only go to sleep every other day. I am so consumed with thinking, creating, and have all of these ideas I try to utilize. It feels like I'm cooking up this big feast with a stove that has a dozen burners instead of four. I'm constantly trying to stir and keep everything from burning. I worry if it will taste good?

Doing things yourself and living an independent life style in which you don't have to rely on corporations for your needs has been liberating and fulfilling. Communities don't have to be confined geographically, they can also be a group of people united by a similar interest.

Traveling around the south and seeing other kids growing gardens, making bicycle collectives, creating beautiful things, and cooking gigantic meals from scratch, gives me hope and instills a comforting feeling of solidarity.

Riding bikes in the strong predominantly black Orange Mound community, I am delighted by the sight of many children playing outside together. Their is one corner not far from my house, where on any sunny day one can witness any where from five to twenty+ children playing games outside. It makes me happy to see beautiful people not restricted to the confinements of their house having fun, using imagination, and being interconnected. Communities are the webs that hold things together, people don't give them enough thought considering, how much of an impact they have on our daily lives.



at a time, chances are she or he is probably watching

W.C. Handy park used to be a hot spot for local blues musicians to play free out on the street. You would also see kids playing and occasional skateboarders flipping around. But now, it has been disgustingly replaced with a morbid Budweiser Pavilion structure, complete with ATM's and a tacky t-shirt shop. Not to say that the essence of Beale Street hasn't already been destroyed many years ago. These types of building have no concern for communities, are designed by large businesses to rake in big bucks, and are popping up like wildflowers.

There is a monument erected to Nathan Bedford Forrest, the founder of the KKK in Memphis. Every time I go by it down on Union in cross-town I feel sick and enraged. I wish there was a statue of a true Memphis hero like Ida B. Wells instead.

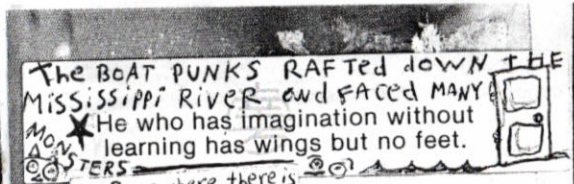
Suburbanites may sleep better on their 1,000 dollar beds at night, assured that the problems of the city are far away. They are just playing the role of ostracizes, hiding their heads in a hole which gives a false and alienating sense of security. Suburbia is killing communities, and further isolating people into the comfortable T.V. equipped cages, we call luxury homes.

A brighter side of communities is evident in Memphis's past. Churches were extremely crucial to black communities because they provided a forum to speak safely about problems with civil rights. The churches were like light houses for the community and they brought people together for reasons that surpassed the actual religion.

I have been studying old maps of Memphis which show trolley's extending the whole way into midtown and south Memphis. The city was compact and mass transit was reliable, there were no suburbs. Now the city is spread out and the un-unionized MATA bus system is a mess. If you have ever noticed a person with a disability hanging out on the street for hours at a time chances are she or he is probably waiting for an ill equipped MATA plus bus. How nice it would be to have a reliable form of transportation again for all people.

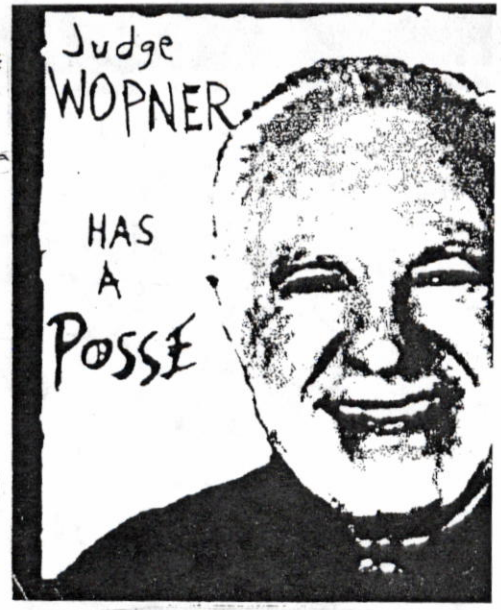
By living in a cooperative environment and relying on my beloved bicycle as a main mode of transportation, I've made a small backlash to the system that hovers above our heads like a dark cloud. It takes a whole lot of small changes to impact the bigger whole, positive change is possible. I live with about eight other people ranging from the age of 16 to 31 at the DeCleyre Anarchist Cooperative (named after Voltairine De Cleyre <1866-1912> an often overlooked inspiring anarchist, activist, feminist figure). None of us are original Memphians some of us have been around longer than others. We've all wound up together from other places, (east TN.,MI, OH, PA, NJ,Ark). It's a loving, inclusive, and fun community building environment for me to be apart of which provides a spring board for all types of movement and activities. We have no land lord, because of a loan through NASCO we are able to own our house.

Our organic garden is such a refreshing oasis in the middle of the city. Want to cut down on your grocery bills? Plant a victory garden in your back yard, if you don't have enough room just start a community garden! It's worth the effort and their is plenty of land out there just waiting to be utilized.



★ He who has imagination without learning has wings but no feet.

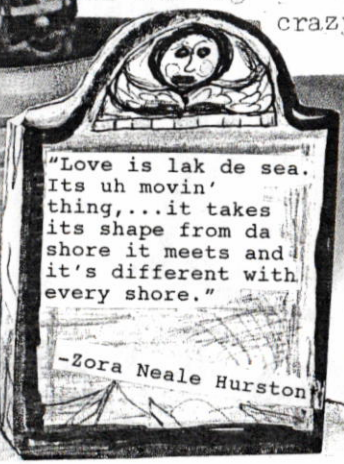
Somewhere there is A VACANT BOXCAR with a typewriter lying on the floor. The story is on a grainer going the opposite WAY. TEARS TURN INTO ICICLES

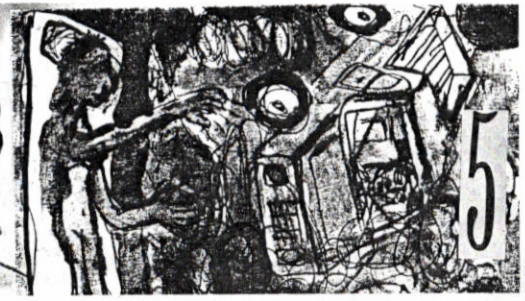


YoDeL-A-HEE-Ho

Hey you don't get lost
in your mind in your thoughts
in your past in your future
in your present.
in space in time in beauty.
in the forest in the tree
in the city in this country
in the big crazy world."

-She lley a bodhisa t tva





There HASN't BEEN A DAY IN MY LiFe WHERE I havn't EXPRESSED MyseIF IN SOME FORM. IVe WRiTTeN alMOST EVERY DAY FOR AS long as I REMEMBER...

dec 11 1988
I Slep

dec 12 1988
WELL ~~yeste~~
Yesterday I wen to girl a Schoots. we had to go or too take up more time. I to Chucky's Merrrtoe's House I Had Fun. we went a slaughter House

the money went to businesses. This devastating

COMMUNITY

The present plight of American communities is in a plummeting state of disconnection, rootless-ness, and disintegration of families as a tight nucleus. It is not always like this, but overall it is an increasing dilemma due to capitalism, globalization, privitism, and a variety of other "isms". I recently learned that my home town (pop. 200ish) is facing possible extinction. The economic backbone of the community, the Brockway Glass Factory has had its lay-offs in the past but now it is shutting down completely. This is causing a crippling effect on the community. Families are forced to leave their homes and move elsewhere in search of other work. Communities are being threatened in both rural and urban settings by the same forces. We need unity.

In our own city white flight is rampant, and has been for over half a century. This further pushes people into a plastic idealized bubble; the suburbs. Carl Moore says about suburbanites , "...their concern for the well-being of the community is likely to be limited to concern for the retention of property values...".

After W.W.II there was a gigantic shift of people moving to the suburbs. Loans for homes in the suburbs were mainly available to whites. Consume boom yahoo! The government came up with this wacky idea called 'urban renewal' which sounds like a neat thing but in reality it was harmful to the working class people and benefited big business. It got a lot of parks built but at the same time it had a negative side to it overlooked by the mainstream. 400,000 low-income buildings were torn down but only 47,000 were rebuilt.

The Housing Acts of 1949 & 1954. Instead of rebuilding the inexpensive housing most of the money went to businesses. This devastating thing put a lot of people out on the streets. They thought by giving the money to the businesses through land acquisition it would make the area flourish economically. If the economy is flourishing its gotta be good for all folks, right? No.

When the desolate land downtown could find no buyers it was given away to corporations. The first image viewed driving downtown next to redbird stadium is a mural of a white upper middle class family driving their expensive car towards downtown. This image screams; "Hey you guys out in the suburbs its safe now, come fuel capitalism with your filthy money and while your at it waste fuel, pollute the air, and oh yeah have a hot dog!" This is merely one example of shallow gentrification that pushes homeless people into other areas.

Participating in Food Not Bombs off and on when food and resources have been available, over the past two years we've noticed a decrease of a homeless presence in the downtown area. This is a direct cause of gentrification. The dictionary describes gentrification as; the restoration and upgrading of deteriorated urban property, often resulting in displacement of lower- income people. (Food Not Bombs is an organization that brings attention to the horrific waste of the American food industry by feeding homeless salvaged vegetarian home cooked meals.)

THEY WOULD GOBBLE THE PIES UP.
ONCE A MAN WAS GUNNED DOWN
BY THE MAFIA: THEY TALKED AND
RETALKED about THIS FOR YEARS,
IT WAS BIG NEWS FOR A SMALL TOWN
LIKE BROCKWAY. WHEN MY GRANDMA
WANTED to GO to NURSING SCHOOL
They PROVIDED HER With the MONEY.
YET, WHEN THE CITY RESTAURANT
CLOSED the MEN & BROTHERS WERE
THE ONLY ONES Who got all THE
MONEY, EVEN THOUGH the SISTERS
Put all of THEIR SWEAT, HEART, & BACKS
into its SUCCESS. THIS ANGERED THEM.
I ALSO GREW UP in BROCKWAY PA.,
WHERE everybody HAD a GARDEN
& being a NEIGHBOR MENT ALOT. THEY
TOLD MY GRANDMA WHEN SHE BE-
-CAME PREGNANT, NOT to BE AROUND
OTHER PREGNANT WOMEN, BECAUSE IT
WOULD CAUSE HER To HAVE PREMATURE
LABOUR: SHE KNEW THIS Being A NURSE
BUT, WHEN A FRANTIC HUSBAND CAME
KNOCKING ON HER DOOR FOR HELP
ONE HAZY AFTERNOON BECAUSE HIS WIFE
WAS STARTING LABOUR AT THEIR
HOUSE & HAVING COMPLICATIONS, SHE
WENT ANYWAY AND HELPED DELIVER
THEIR BABY. SHE COULDN'T SAY NO.
BECAUSE OF THIS SHE LOST HER 1ST
BABY GIRL, ROSE. THE loss CAUSED MUCH GRIEF,

Into the slaughterhouse

INTO THE DARKEST REALM OF ~~xxxx~~ EMOTION

December I2th 1988 8;00 p.m.

I slip into this tunnel in my mind , its never comfortable yet it draws me in...
I am in the pickup truck giggling wit h my friends Chucky and Marylou the ir father ~~dad~~ Mr. Manheart is driving deeper into the woods. The fir and pine t rees suffocated by snow zip by on the sides ~~ox~~ of the road. "We wr ite our names with the tips of our index fingers on the layer of condensation on the window. We reach the top of the hill and Mr. Manheart par ks & comes around to let us out. He t owers high above us, as intimidating as the trees. His hands extend to lift us gently down onto the ridges of slush forged by black tires

Dirt is embedded in the wrinkles of his hands Mr. Manheart's been working as a line man for many years, its made his hands appear 70 years old.

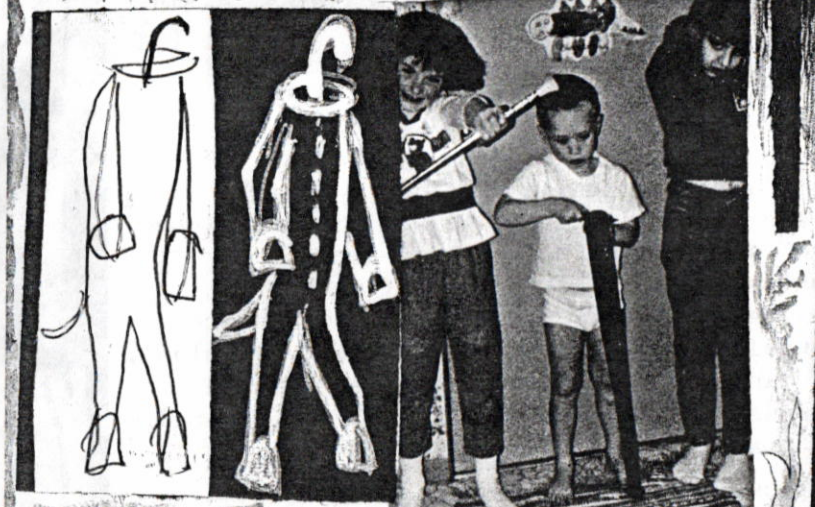
The stars in the winter sky sparkle like light reflecting off of pulverised broken glass scattered on top of dark blue satin. Marylou's pigtails peak out from the hood of her pink snow suit. she smiles sassyily Chucky peers innocent blue eyes timidly up at his older sist er. He waddles awkwardly behind us his hand*me-down my little pony boots are too big for his tiny feet. The r emote building ~~xxx~~ we walk towards looks like an airplane hanger , an archaic white metal cylinde r split in half. The gigantic doors swing open and we are overwhelmed with the smell of flesh and blood. Mr. Manheart and the men with red stained aprons unload the carc asses from the bed of the pick up truck and bring them inside to be processed, and skinned Chucky is frightened by the carcasses hanging by hooks

from the ceiling in the back.
raw unsheathed his pale round young
face turns away from the pizzles
hacking, slicing, and knife incisions
of the deer
I take his hand
our warm little fingers curl
and clasp together
His eyes still locked
The three of us escape
back
outside and
make snow angels
while we wait.

KEY STONE

14 SUICIDE

8



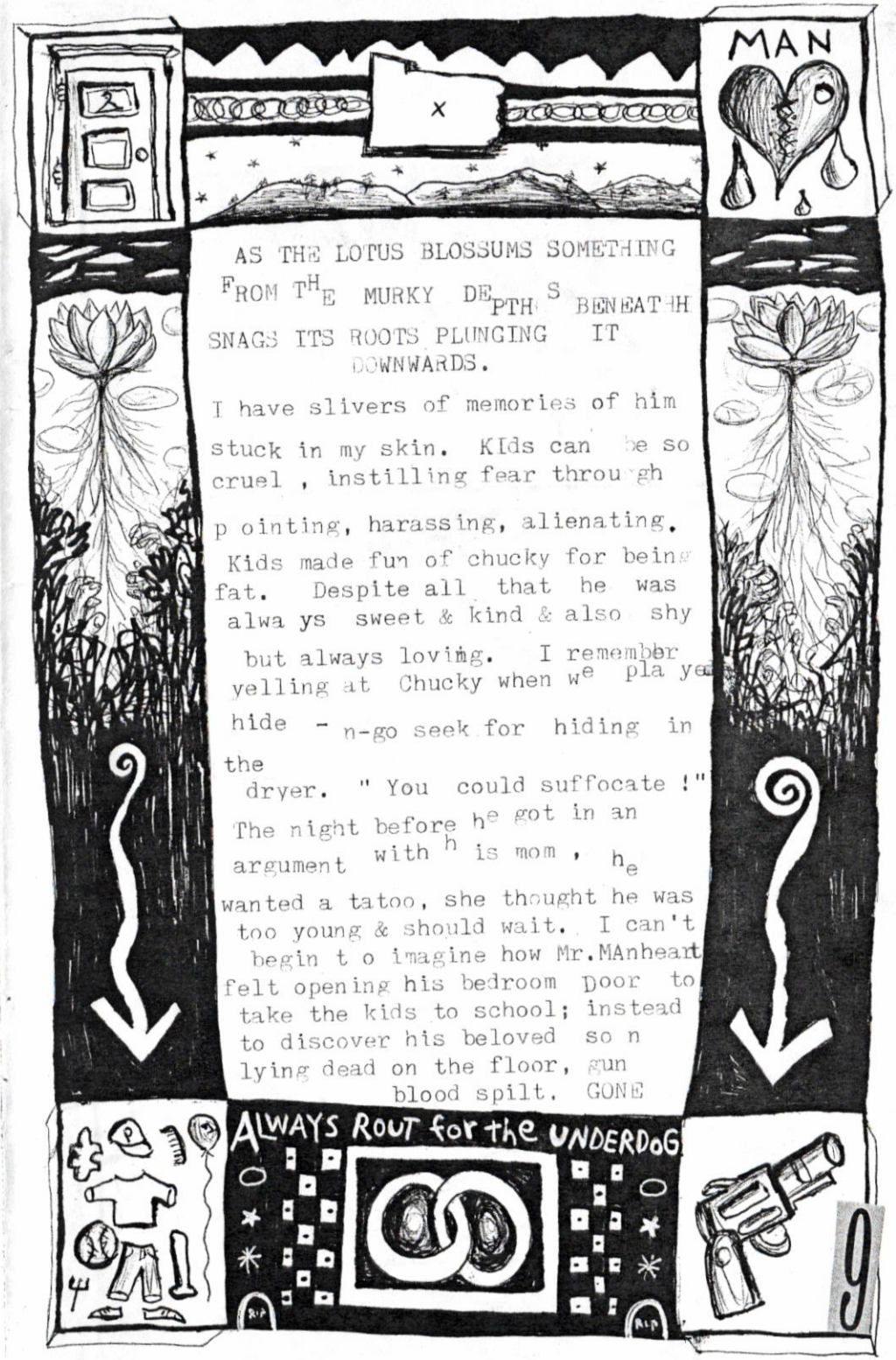
SHE USED TO WORRY ABOUT ME INHERITING HER BIG POUTY LIP BUT I LIKE IT

53

SEVENTH SON OF A 7th SON According to Folk-Lore He HAD MAGICAL Healing POWERS

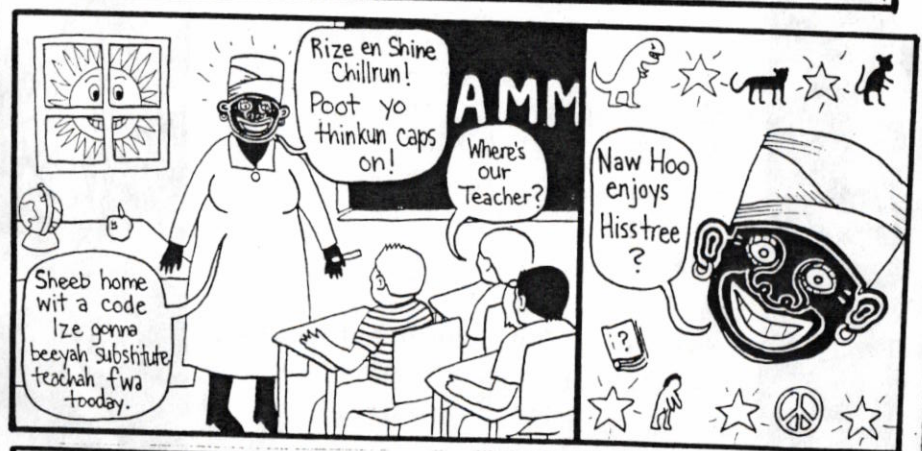
MY GRANDFATHER WAS THE

"YOUR TOO NICE" ~ THESE WORDS CAUSED ME TO TREMOR UNfolding RAPIDLY to MY CORE. TIME ECLIPSE. I AM 13 AGAIN in the CEMETARY, I MAKE A PUZZLING DISCOVERY, AN OLD TOMB STONE WITH A SMALL LAMB & THE NAME ROSE BUCCI WHO COULD this be? AFTER inquiring I FIND OUT Who Rose is, she would of been MY AUNT. I AM intrigued & PESTER MY FOLKS Repetively for MORE KNOWledge, But THERE is little to begin with. MY GRANDMA BETTY (ELISABETA SCARNATI) WAS the HEAD Registered NURSE At A HOSPITAL in PENNSYLVANIA. HER LOVE WAS THICK, THE SAME AS ME. HER HUSBAND WAS JOHN, MY GRAMPS. THEY MET WHEN MY GRANDPA WAS SICK: SHE HEALED him UP. Both of THEIR PARENTS had at least 9 CHILDREN. MY GREAT GRANDPARENTS ON MY GRANDPAS Side WERE MINERS (a) they HAD 19 Kids. MY GREAT GRANDMA ON MY GRANDMA'S SIDE USED to BAKE BREAD out of her HOME & Sell it FAR & WIDE. THEY WORKED SO HARD, THEY WERE FROM ITALY. SOON THEY OPENED UP THE CITY RESTAURANT ALL of the SISTERS OF THE FAMILY WORKED WITHOUT PAY UNTIL THEY MARRIED: THAT WAS the WAY then. LUCY (LUCINDA) WOULD SNEAK PIES WITH MY GRANDMA TO THE BACK Alley WHERE YOU COULD WATCH TRAINS ROLL BY &→

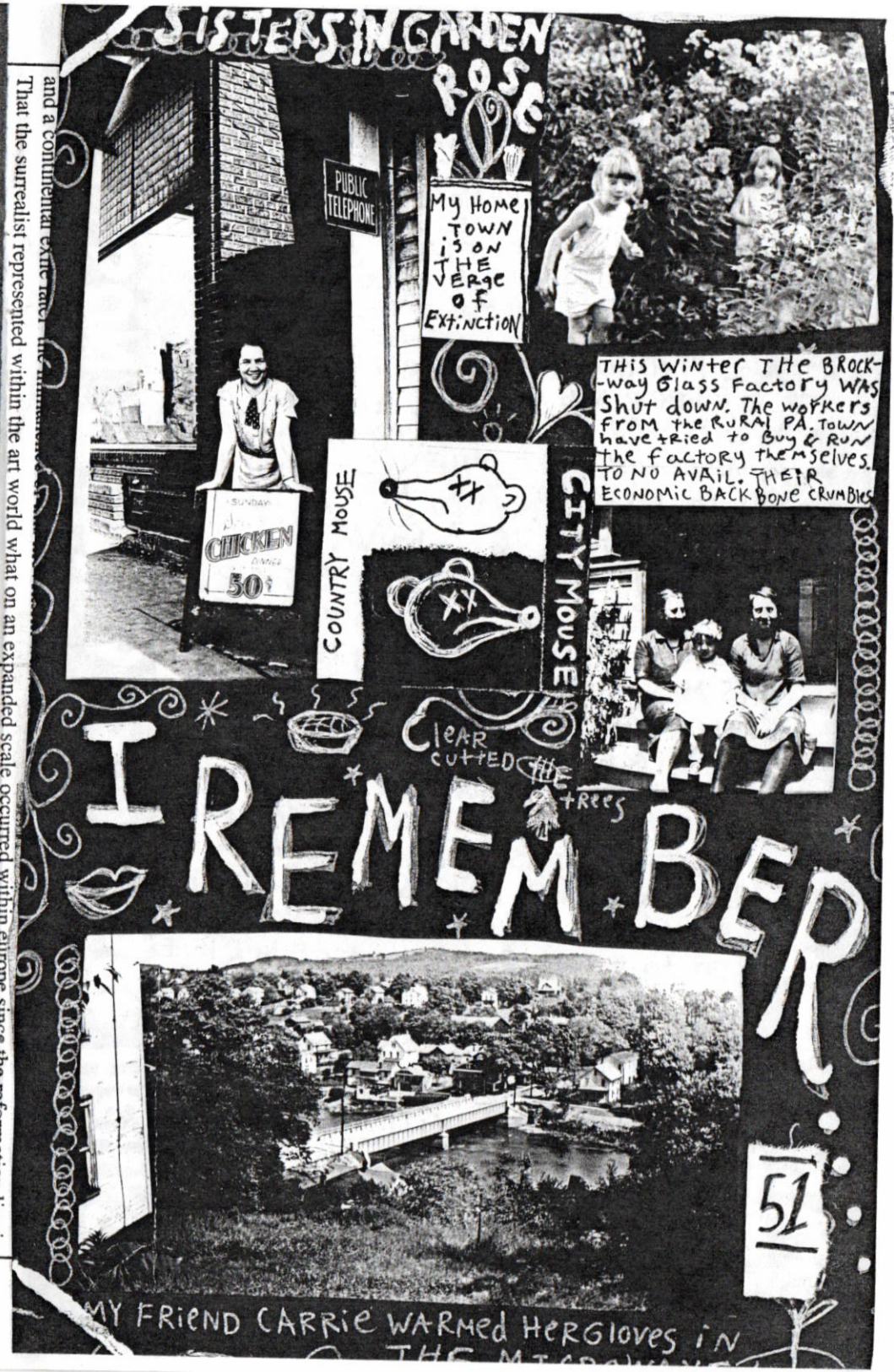


AS THE LOTUS BLOSSUMS SOMETHING
FROM THE MURKY DEPTHS BENEATH
SNAGS ITS ROOTS PLUNGING IT
DOWNWARDS.

I have slivers of memories of him stuck in my skin. KIds can be so cruel, instilling fear through pointing, harassing, alienating. Kids made fun of chucky for being fat. Despite all that he was always sweet & kind & also shy but always loving. I remember yelling at Chucky when we play ed hide-n-go seek for hiding in the dryer. "You could suffocate!" The night before he got in an argument with his mom, he wanted a tatoo, she thought he was too young & should wait. I can't begin to imagine how Mr. MAnheart felt opening his bedroom door to take the kids to school; instead to discover his beloved son lying dead on the floor, gun blood spilt. GONE



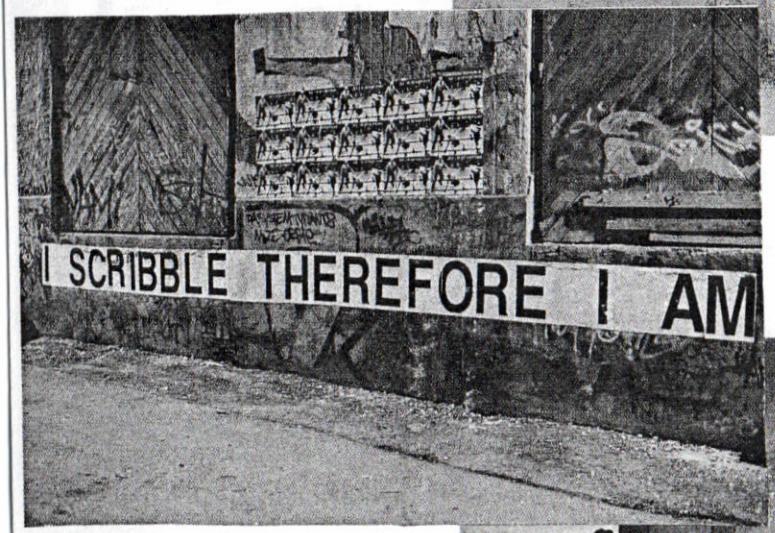
and a continental exile later, the surrealist represented within the art world what on an expanded scale occurred within europe since the reformation lies in That



Public Space

Guerrilla Art Attack

Stockholm



Akayism is about confusion and beauty and reclaiming the streets.

guerrilla warfare that serves no other agenda than the idea that public space belongs to public expression.

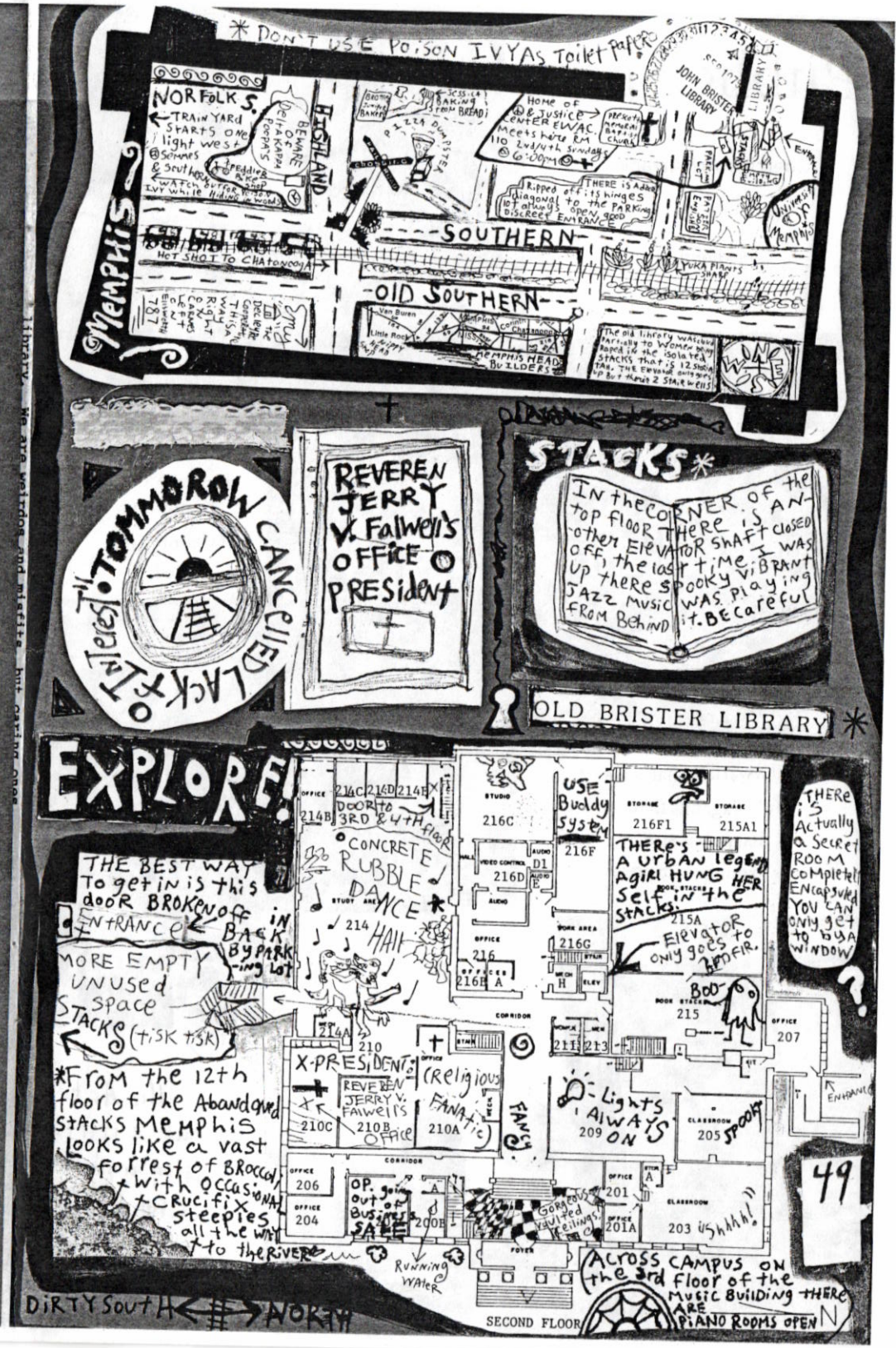
Guerrilla Art... what a refreshing exciting and beautiful thing to see. 50

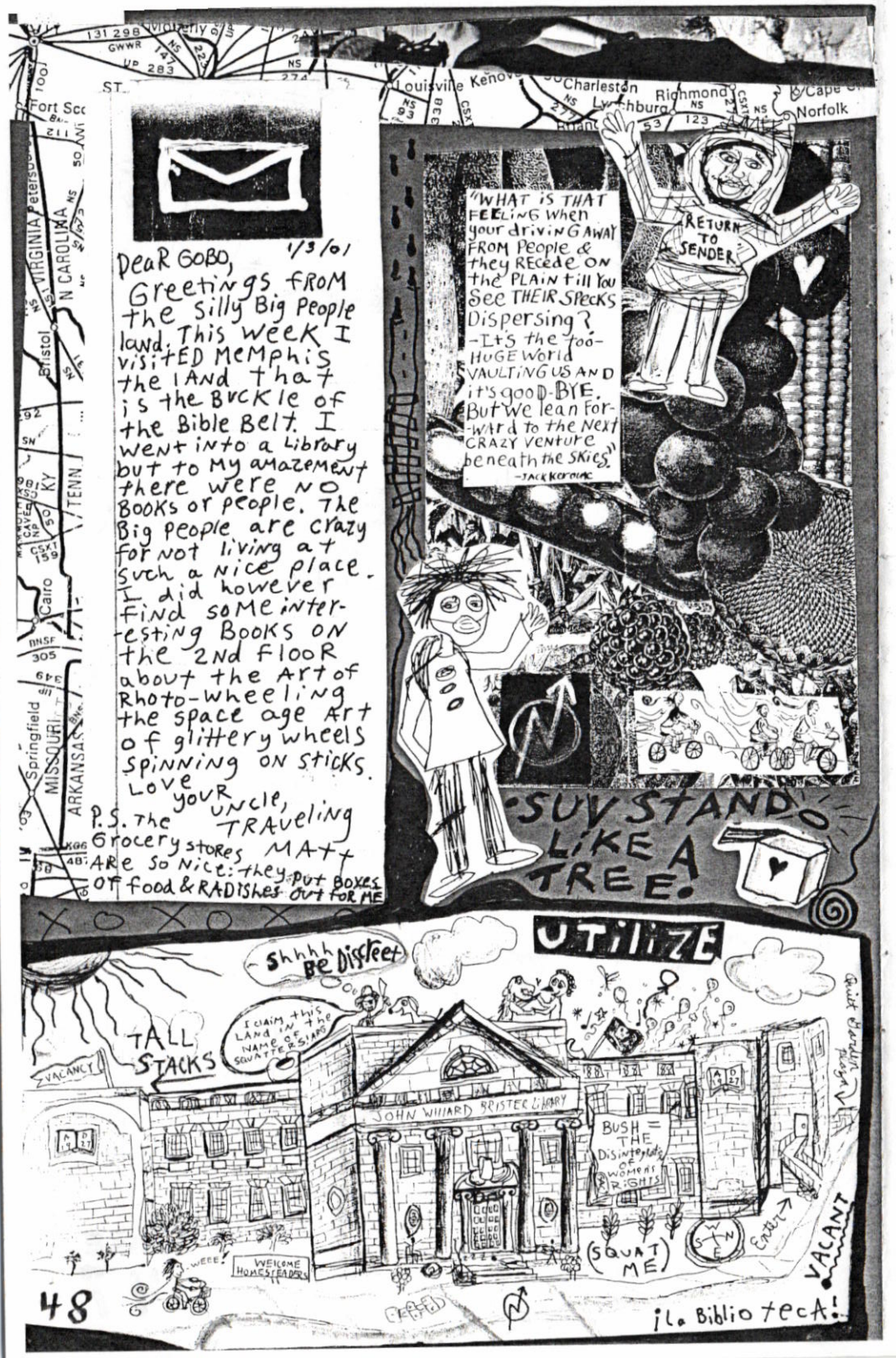
* God damnit, I'll take after you with my cane.

I want yo Mama's MONEY.
Do you believe in God?
I don't know...
Here's a Super Sticker, Sugar.
Jus teasin'
You need to learn how to read an image before you judge it. What if I had a TV head and you didnt have real teachers anymore? Do you want your children to be bio-engineered by The corporation that controls your perception of reality through the media? Are you in charge of your own destiny? Your ancestors all came here from other countries in a swarm of mass migration - the largest in the history of man. Western culture has permeated every community on the planet. We have the greatest technology... but we've lost our desire for knowledge...

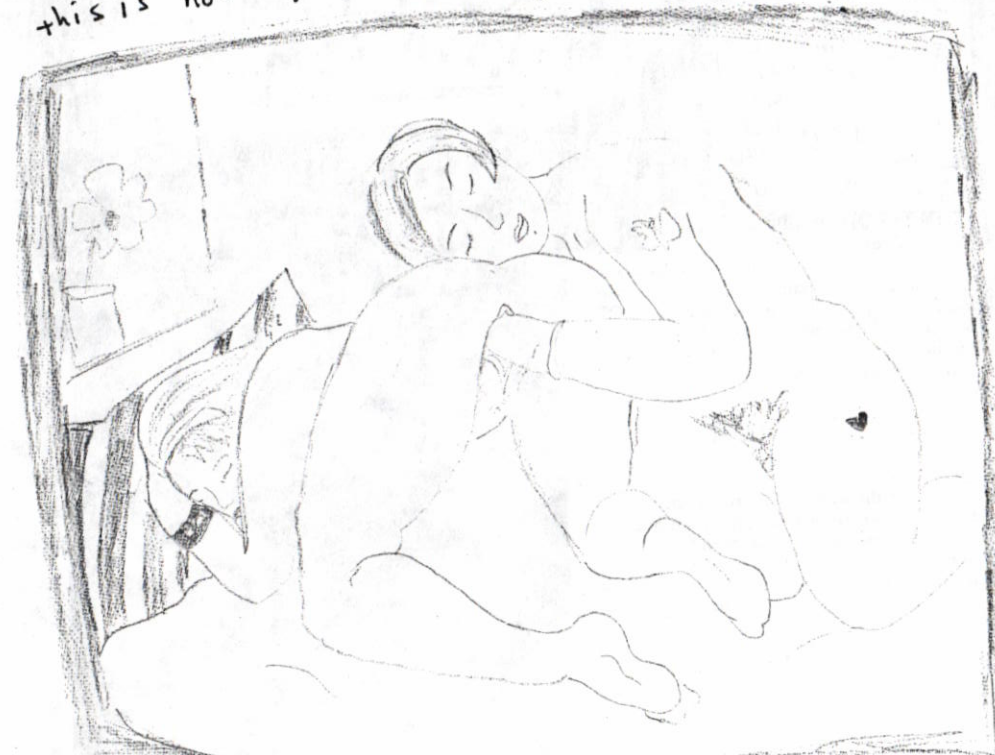
Be brave, Little Ones.
Relax children, this will all be over in a moment.
JANET RENO
wglnoptiolinok free speech
Now you children have had a very busy morning, don't worry about anything this Woman has told you. It won't be on any tests. We're going to go single file to the auditorium and watch "The Little Mermaid".

You children just remember what your Mammy taught you.
Mammy, don't go!
What capitalist evil should we watch out for?
When I grow up I want to be a freedom crusader.
Don't Let No One Choose Your Destiny But You!
FUCKING A! MAMMY!
FUCKING B! CHILDREN


* DON'T USE POISON IVY AS toilet paper
Memphis
NORFOLK S.
HIGHLAND
SOUTHERN
OLD SOUTHERN
HOT SHOT TO CHATANOOGA
JOHN BRISTER LIBRARY
Home of Justice Center EWAC
Ripped off its hinges diagonal to the parking
THERE is a door diagonal to the parking DISCREET ENTRANCE
MEMPHIS HEAD by ILDERS
The old Thirty watches partially to women band is the isolated STACKS that is 12 stories tall. THE Eerie entrance up 8 or 9 floors 2 stairwells
TOMMOROW CANCELLED LACK OF Interest
REVEREN JERRY V. Falwell's OFFICE PRESIDENT
STACKS *
In the CORNER of the top floor THERE'S AN other ELEVATOR SHAFT CLOSED OFF, the last time I WAS up there spooky vibrant JAZZ music WAS playing FROM BEHIND it. BE careful
OLD BRISTER LIBRARY *
EXPLORE!
THE BEST WAY To get in is this door BROKEN off in BACK by PARKING lot
ENTRANCE
MORE EMPTY UNUSED SPACE
STACKS (tisk tisk)
*From the 12th floor of the Abandoned STACKS MEMPHIS looks like a vast forrest of BROCCOLI with occasional crucifix steepies all the way to the RIVER
CONCRETE RUBBLE DANCE HALL
USE Buddy system
THERE'S A urban legend A girl HUNG HER self in the STACKS
Elevator only goes to 3rd FLOOR
BOO
THERE'S Actually a Secret ROOM Completely Encapsulated YOU CAN only get to by A window
X-PRESIDENT
REVEREN JERRY V. FALWELL'S OFFICE
(Religious FANATIC)
Lights ALWAYS ON
SPOOKY
op. going out of Business SALE
Gorgeous vaulted ceilings
RUNNING WATER
Across CAMPUS on the 3rd floor of the MUSIC BUILDING THERE ARE PIANO ROOMS OPEN
SECOND FLOOR
DIRTY SOUTH
NORTH



this is not my best drawing. it isnt very original.



Don't Beat around the bush when it comes to fisting

I am michelle. i ♥ drag kings • erika lopez • tequila • fisting • comi X • Xena: WP • FB's • sewing • rough fuckin' sex • veganella • science fiction • penpals • traveling on da bus • Azucar Moreno • "passions" • zine kids • online diaries + cooking!

mail: 1827 Tutwiler #3 Memphis TN 38107

Things i am working on:
- ✓ A movie!!!
- ✓ submission to Muerto Silencio
- ✓ more comix

TrickyMartin.DiaryLand.com

I WROTE THIS
Letter FAll 2000
AFTER READING
A COVER STORY
Glorifying Police
IT GOT ME FIRED
UP & ROWDY ROWDY:

FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GUN

To the Editor:

From my side of the gun I see a brutal and corrupt police system. Sexism, racism, and power trips are commonplace. The article on cops ("COPS," September 14th issue) illustrated such backward sentiments as: "Many [female officers] wear extra makeup or spend time styling their hair in order to retain a sense of femininity"; "all male officers look buff"; and "everything out here is nasty."

Police show no respect for citizens. The police even admit to treating citizens as "subhuman," as they did when they were disgustingly taking bets on how fat the woman arrested weighed. Any encounter I have had with an officer has been negative and degrading. My ex-boyfriend and I were victims of "good ol' boy" police racism while leaving Audubon Park at dusk. The officers allowed all of the white couples to exit the park, detaining us (an interracial couple). A direct quote from the officer follows: "Ma'am, your lap is looking moist. What have you been doing with a boy like that?"

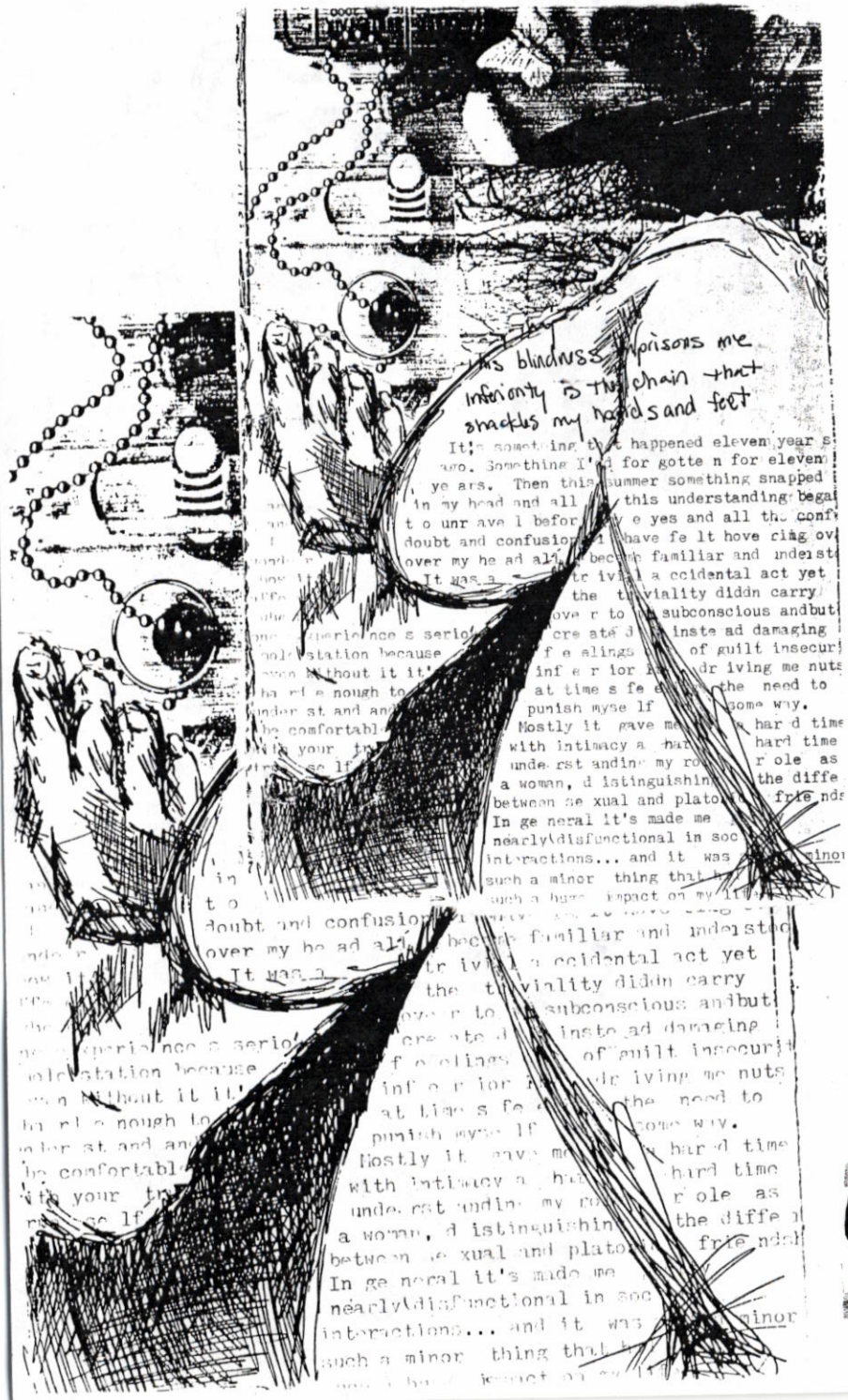
They harassed and instilled fear in us. They immediately thought his car was stolen since it was a black male driving a Volvo. It is sad that unjust situations like this and much worse go unnoticed because they are the norm. When I see police I see excessive use of force, intimidation, and rampant racial profiling. I see cop cars speeding recklessly and running red lights. If teachers carried guns, could they get freebies everywhere they went too? Who will police the police?

like a single magic mushroom standing alone in the forest bathing in the sun which makes its way through the space between trees standing in an ~~uninter~~ undisturbed state

like a single magic mushroom standing alone in the forest bathing in the sun which makes its way through the space between trees standing in an ~~uninter~~ undisturbed state of

3 - It's really pulling me. This feeling of continual motion and I am feeling very trapped and stuck at times. It is mostly my job that holds me here, my job that is the major commitment and I am doubting the amount of dependability that I wish to have. Riding in the back of Jorma's truck last night Thursday night, I hang my head and arm out the back and watched the streets of memphis zoom by. What an urge it created, a desire to be on the road wishing that the truck and the streets were not so familiar. yet simply to be

This feeling of feeling very trapped mostly my job that at is the major doubting the amount h to have. a's truck last ig my head and watched the by. What an urge be on the road nd the streets t simply to be



46

RESPONSE:

(IT GAVE ME A SCARE)

SEPTEMBER 30th

(SENT TO MY PARENTS)

DEAR MR. [redacted]:

This likely is the most unusual letter you've had in a great while — even apart from it being unsolicited and without a name!

Your name is rather unusual. When another [redacted] had her letter appear in the "Memphis Flyer" weekly, it was felt you might know her; she may be a relative even.

For your self-respect's sake, I sincerely hope not. The woman appeared to virtually brag about a "making out" session with a black man... down to a wet stain referred to on her "lap" by a patrolling-policeman (in a local park at night)!

Multiple-billions $ have been expended by the racial-integration fanatics to try and elevate and dignify blacks (and other colored in areas where "hispanics", etc. prevail). The aim obviously being to impress whites and better facilitate full racial merger. In their own settings, blacks have never created a remotely-worthwhile culture (and never will).

All they have in the U.S.A. derives from white creation. Many of them do have good personalities and excellent memories (their saving grace). Massive "affirmative-action" programs and consequential reverse-discrimination have placed the greater majority of them in well-paying jobs — at the expense of better-qualified whites, in most instances.

Whites -- deliberately -- are being "dumbed-down" and converted "culturally" into "white negroes". Obviously, this is what tragically happened to [redacted], she of the "Flyer" letter attack on Memphis (white) police. They not only belittled her immoral-insane choice of sexual companion but, overall, implied a negative attitude toward blacks (who do from any social observer's objectivity commit the overwhelming amount of violent crime here and wherever they unfortunately are found!). Police have reason to be wary of them.

If this miseducated and misguided woman is known to you.... well, I'd be much ashamed.

The enclosed, crude though it may be, sums up women as she is:

Only *inferior* White women date outside of their race. Be proud of your heritage, don't be a race-mixing slut!

Sometimes escort-ing reminds me of a Big Sporting Event

Xian's vs. Escorts

Ding Ding... Go!

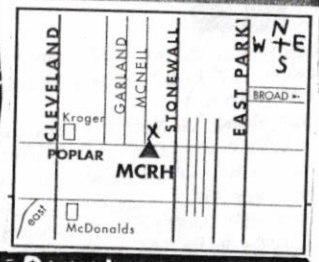
The goal: To intercept clients & safely walk them inside

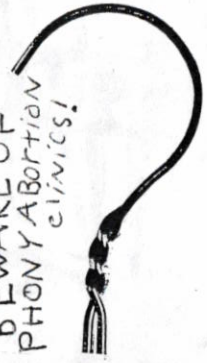
Hours 4 Escorting?

Tue. & Wed. 3:30-6:00 PM

Sat. 9-12 AM

Interested in Escorting? Comeon Down!





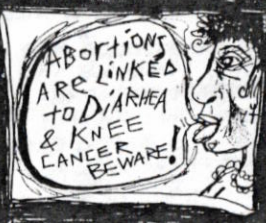
Beware of Phony Abortion clinics!

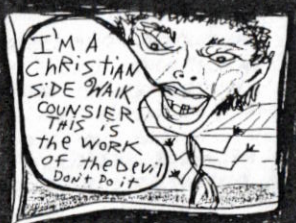
When your right to an abortion is taken away, what are you going to do

Memphis Center for Reproductive Health
1462 Poplar Avenue
Memphis, TN 38104
901.274.3550 1.800.843.9895
Fax: 901.274.3551

Abortion Clinic Protesters

an example of literature they pass out;



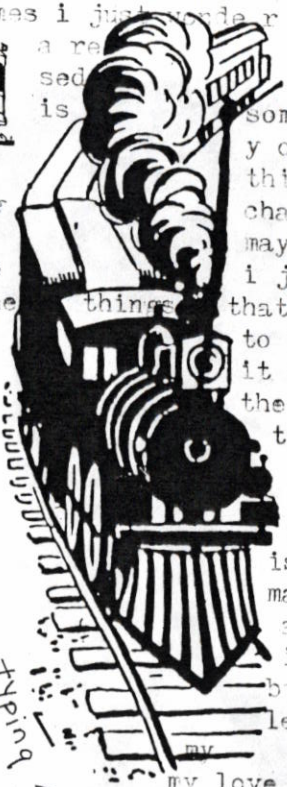


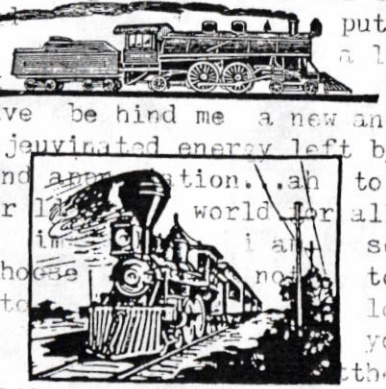
Thoughts of an unborn child:

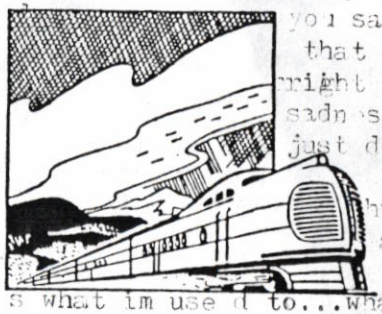
Mommy keep me safe,
Mommy keep me warm,
Handle me with all your love,
Mommy keep me from harm.
I'm only six weeks old today,
His birthday gift to me,
A pair of bright blue eyes,
That someday you will see.
I've barely got ears,
A little puppy nose,
and at the end of my feet,
Little things called toes.
Looking forward to my life,
Toys, teddy bears, snails,
And long fairy tales.
Where are we going Mommy,
In a bath, on a bus ride or,
Perhaps far away,
Where are we going being pushed
at all force.
How funny it feels passing through doors,
people dressed in green,
if they hurt you Mommy just scream.
What's happening Mommy,
I'm starting to cry,
Mommy come quickly,
they're making me die,
Killing me quickly,
Pulling me apart,
every''ng inside of me
even my heart,
Bye Mommy, good-bye
But how I wanted to see
the grass, the trees,
hear a sweet song,
feel a sweet breeze.
Bye Mommy
good-bye
love You
really do
just wish you could love me too.

(Yuck)

The Memphis Center for Reproductive Health is one of the few Non-profit Abortion clinics in the country. They offer other services like Birth control etc. The people that work there are caring, hard working, & Dedicated to preserving the Rights of women to have control of their bodies. Above, are some of the nuts we've encountered outside, while volunteering as escorts for the clients







some times i just wonder if i m wr ong but
you a re the one who
sed it. that it
is somet hin maybe
y ou sa id it
thinking and
change d y our
maybe im a sumin
i just have t o le a
that are im portant
to me maybe
it ws no not
the right
time but willit
ever be and is it
am i wr wrong to want
it to be .. all i wunna do
is see the world and be inspi
make things ...take it all in
a put
it a ll
b ck
le ave be hind me a new and
rejuvinated energy left by
my love and appreciation...ah to
love t he wor l world for all
it is. maybe im i a some
thing you choose no to
dont want to love
and why would you
want to when there
ar e things like music and f riends who
t he r ing on the f inger and the kir
wor you said hey you
that i was just
right for what?
in sadn ss i cre ate
i just don,t have
it in me to
hurt myself
an again tho i
tempt ed
it s what im use d to...what i lear nr
lear ne d fr om my folks. could say

w it hout
now youve
mind
maybe
is the things

12"

*3 @ 1

typing

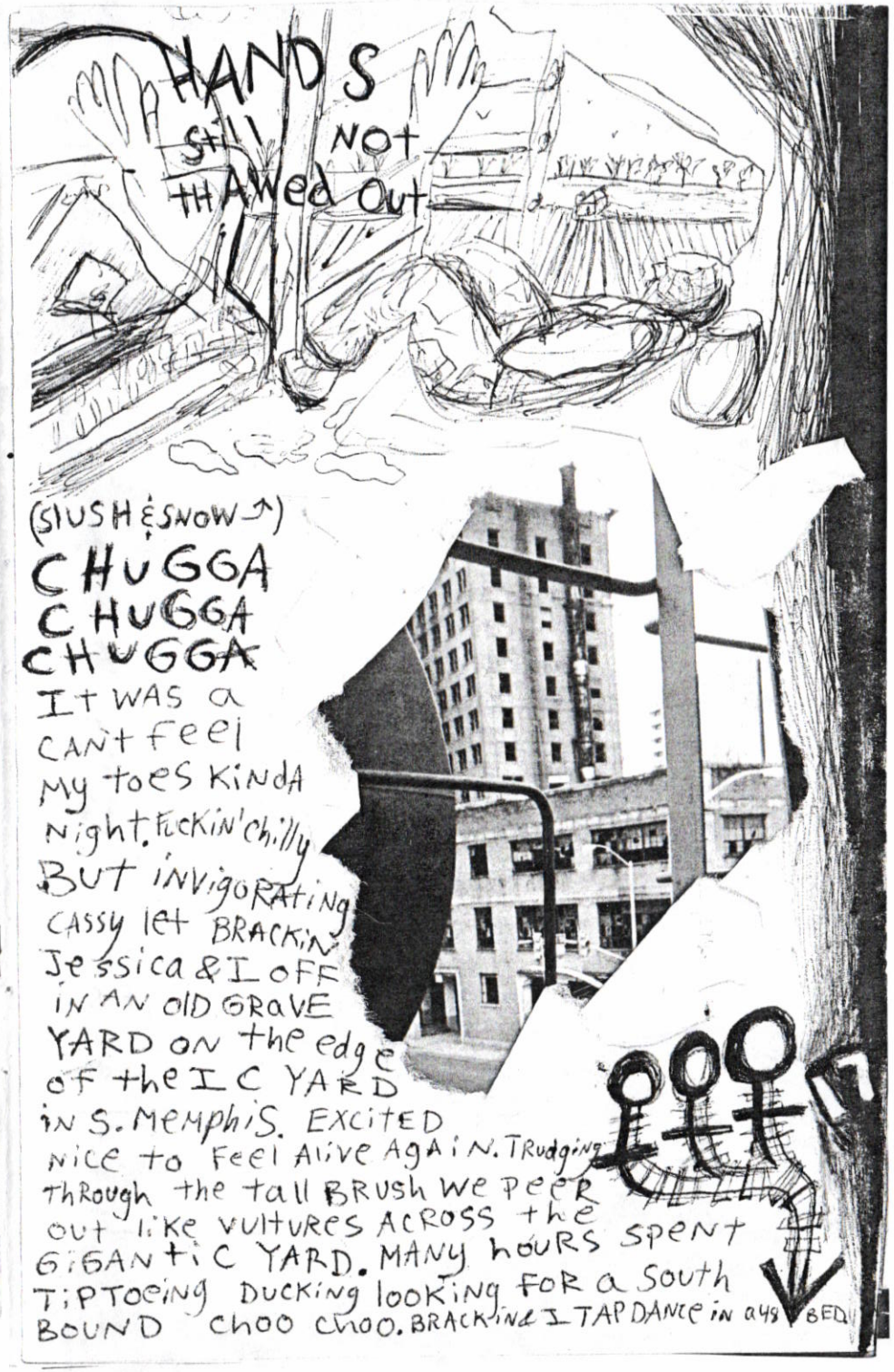
A WAY one day. random thoughts... difficult to read, hard to express in any tangible form ... trains at thoughts making their way in and out of my head sometimes returning sometimes used constructively sometime dissapating

its the unwise...

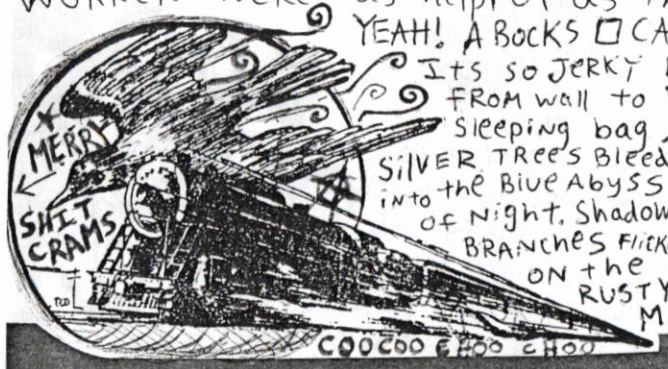
its ge netis but i dont belee dat
generations a suicide an depressio in

but when ty ou have
some thing that
cant be fixed cause its a

morning sunlight through the trees at the construction site



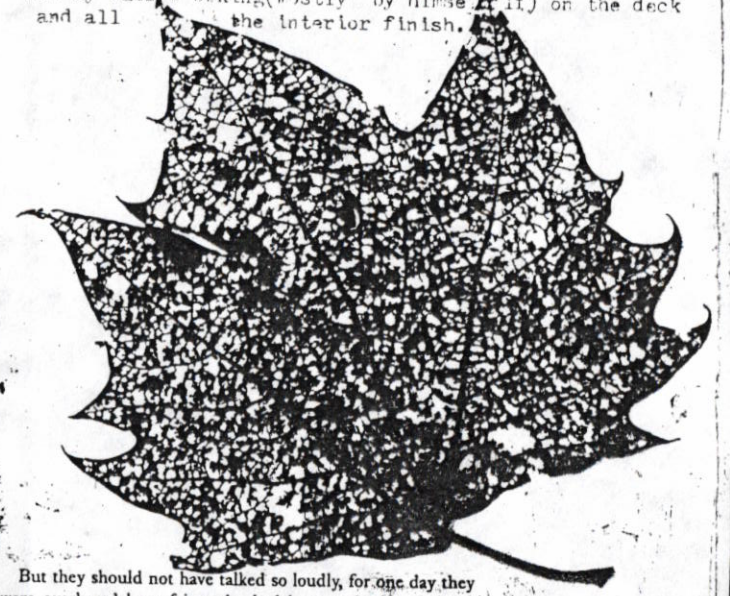
I See Another Person Sneaking around The Tracks with a Dog, I thinks its Evan? But the Figure vanishes as we approach, I See 3 Shooting stars within 5 minutes of each other But don't know what to wish for. *We caught one out Finally as the sun was coming up. Down Yonder Headin' into Mississippi.... Harmonica Day Laughin' We imagine what It musta been like to be Rolling by the Cotton fields 50 or 100 years prior. These Tracks probably brought A lot of Blues Musicians up to Memphis Back in the day. We approach Jackson near Sunset. Stinkyfish Yard hiding Scrunched in the Grainer → Suprisingly Still Alert for not sleeping a wink last night. The trains tease us pulling us out then dropping us. Arg! We spent 5 hours in that Bitchass Yard, so slow. The Bitchass Yard workers were as helpful as the Stinkyfish. Yeah! A Bocks Car saves us, Its so jerky Brackin slides from wall to wall in her sleeping bag. Silver trees bleed into the Blue Abyss of Night. Shadows of Branches flicker on the rusty Metal wall...



- Women do not have the right to choose the type and color of their clothing and

you may not get much from these notes . its hard to rewrite an experience like that. its one of the best thin experiences ive had. helping my folks build their life long dream and gaining priceless knowledge in the process... it was hard at times coming face to face with my own insecurities that no doubt installed themselves in my psyche in childhood...but it was good to get the chance to reflect on things as a whole and from different perspectives. it was good to experience myself among a group of pe ople much different than me. people that no doubt thought i was a starnge individual but loved me just the same even though i would vanish into the woods to sit amongst the trees or collect bugs in the tops of milk jugs or stop and daydream and talk to damselflies ...and it was good to get the chance to know every one else a little better...makes me more appreciative of folks, myself and time spe nt living life...

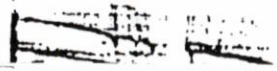
i left ohio and my folks and the roof was finished. now now my dad w orking(mostly by himse lf) on the deck and all the interior finish.



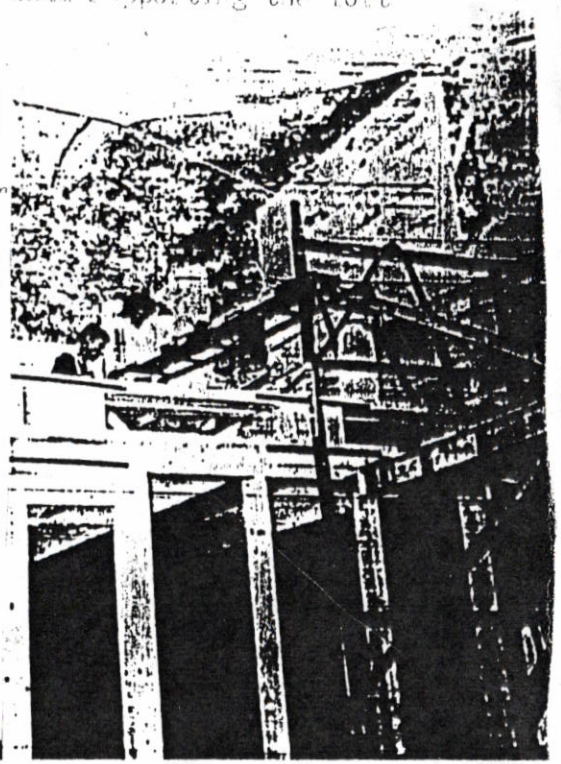
But they should not have talked so loudly, for one day they were overheard by a fairy who had been gathering skeleton leaves, from which the little people weave their summer curtains, and after that Tony was a marked boy. They loosened the rails before he sat on them, so that down he came on the back of his head; they tripped him up by catching his bootlace and bribed the ducks to sink his boat.

But they should not have talked so loudly, for one day they were overheard by a fairy who had been gathering skeleton leaves, from which the little people weave their summer curtains, and after that Tony was a marked boy. They loosened the rails before he sat on them, so that down he came on the back of his head; they tripped him up by catching his bootlace and bribed the ducks to sink his boat.

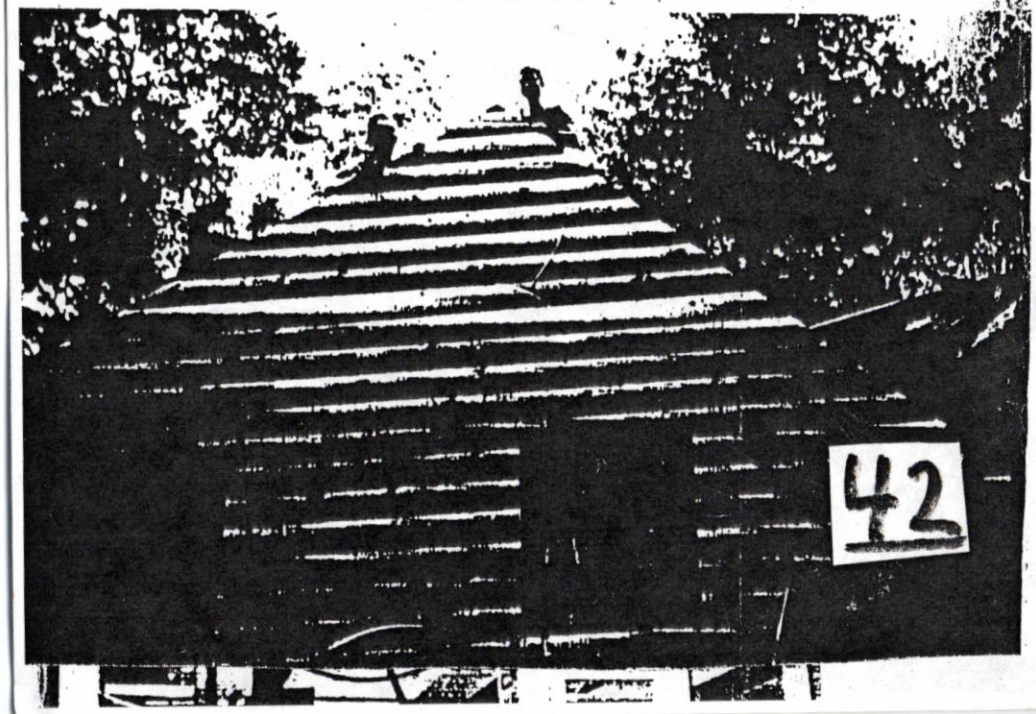
a shot of the wall and beam supporting the loft

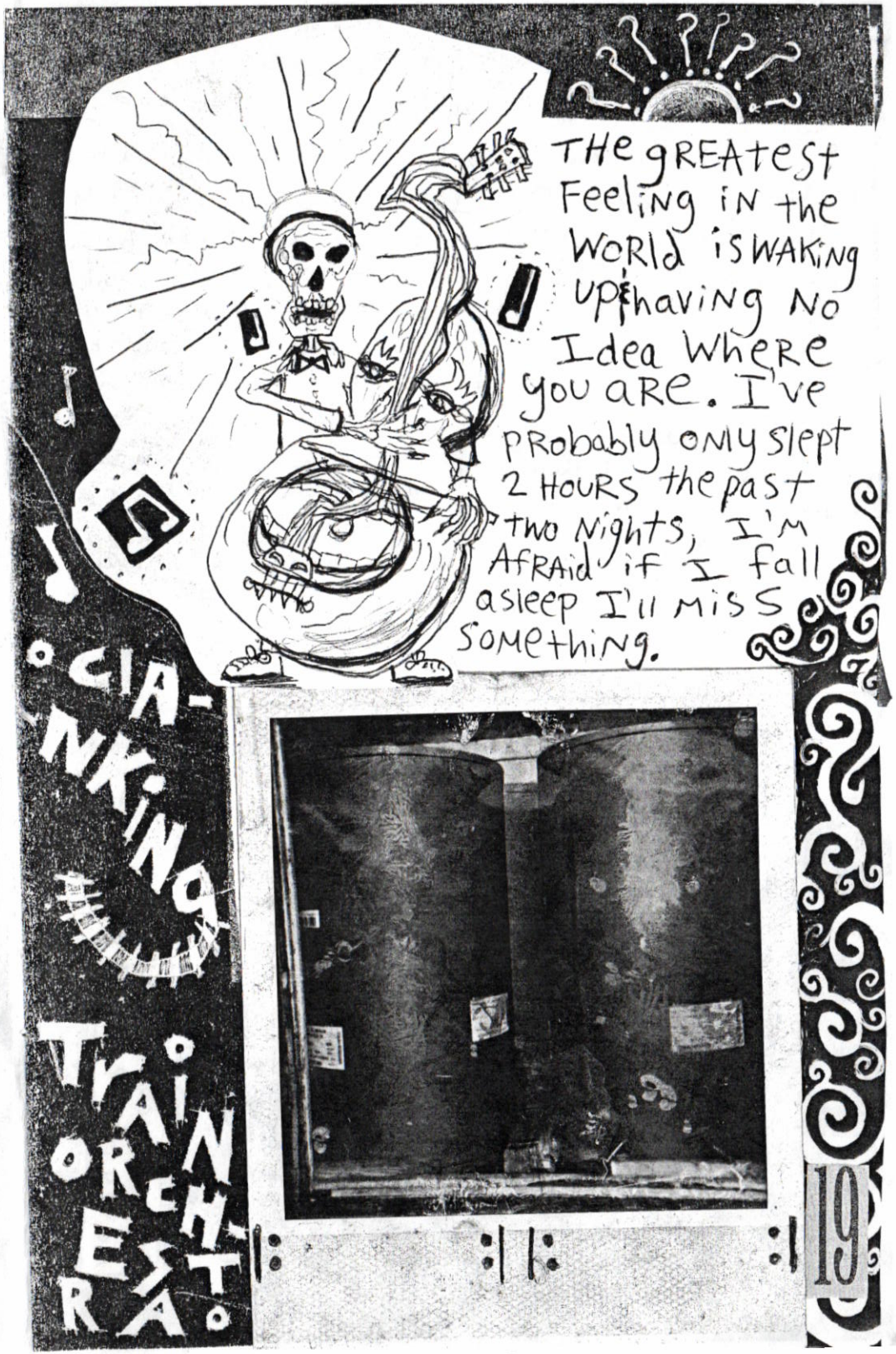


the big home build my experience was this last summer (2000). now i'm back in memphis working and co-op living. loving it but thinking that there has to be more to it all. i've got a good job as a baker... it's nice learning a trade and i'm good at it tho I work with a bunch of cooky christians who try and persuade me to eat bacon (no thanks)(that goes for christianity too.) As always me bones are itching to be on the road somewhere but I figure I can utilize the skills I'm learning and I want to get in another season in the garden... my best friend left for Mexico today and to go be a monk... No tellin when I'll see him again but I read this girls zine today and it reaffirmed my hope about life. It's strange how our generation (meaning 16-30 y.o. kids) works... Mostly always traveling either running from something or searching for somethin. Often alone in the world with friends and lovers scattered around... It's a huge network of similar characters who let go and give in and leave it up to the universal unknown... meeting new folks and remembering old friends being sad and contemplative but not forgetting to enjoy life or to lose hope or to love the world for all it is... ah, beauty chaos life.



me and uncle scott at the peak





The TRAIN is stopped, engines are even abANdoned, Alas where could we be? BRACKin's heel falls aPART, the vines aRe grabbing our boots. I pick up a dirty Rubber duck. Could we be in KANSAS? Nooo. CReosode is sPraying piles of logs in a Field next to us; it will MAKE em' last Forever with all those chemicals. If we ran aRound in the Splashing liquid would we last forever oR probably Rather till our SKin Melted off. We follow A DiRt Road up to a paved one. KNOCK ON a few doors to try & find out where we ARe but as SOON As they see US StinKy duds & all they close the shutters. RUFF RERR It ONLY TOOK 5 MIN.'S THUMBIN' Before we got a Ride & DISCOVERED We were alMOST to 'BAMA! HA! HA! CHUNKYMiSS. NEAR Meridian home of the JimmieRodgers MUSEUM b' HE WAS A CHUNKYMAN FROM CHUNKY MISSISSIPPI. UnderNeath His fingerNails he had deer flesh FROM the MORNINGS Kill. JessicA & BRACKIN were disgusted. OI CHUNKY SAID "I done Killed bout 50 deers this SEASON, you ONLY 'lowed bout 2 HAR HAR HAR, You GRIS don't be tellin' No GAME WARDEN." He dROPPED US OFF at a higher State of be ing. LUCKILY there were 3 FUCKED UP HORSES we hopped ON. WeRode em down Yonder toWARDS the BAYOU LAND in to the SUNSETS

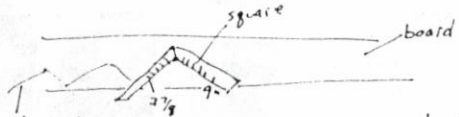
CHOOSE your own Adventure P. 8 or 30

BLACKS HAVE NEVER CREATED A REPUBLIC, LIVING IN THEIR OWN SHIT

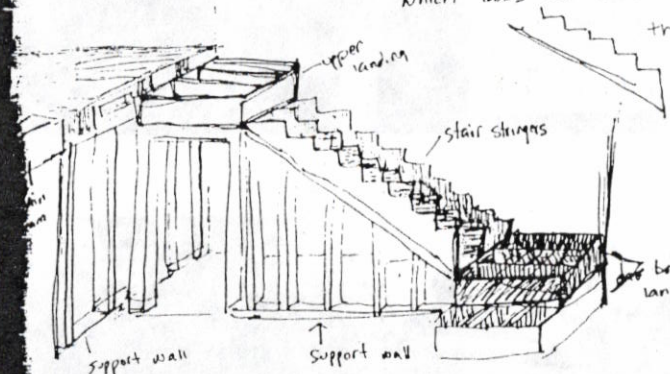
It's been cold and raining and snowing so the work on the roof unfortunately has been delayed. Still there is work to do. The past few days we have worked on the stairs and partition walls.

I made three stair landings and a support wall for the stairs. Landings are fairly easy. You just make a big box out of 2x8 boards. then you add two middle supports like this

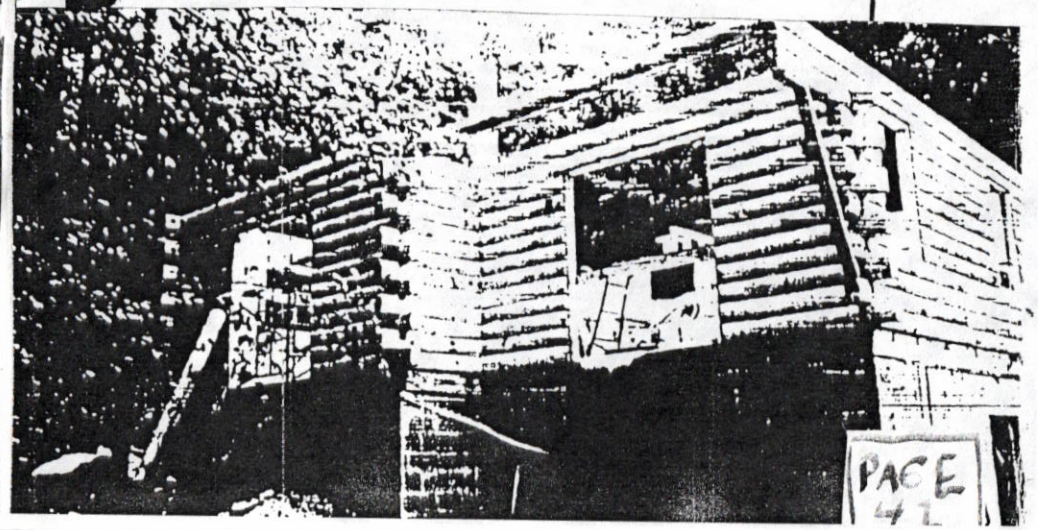
Stair stringers are 2x12 boards where you cut out Δ's for the steps. Measurements are given 9" for tread 7⅞" for the rise. take a ~~for~~ square and make the marks for where to cut



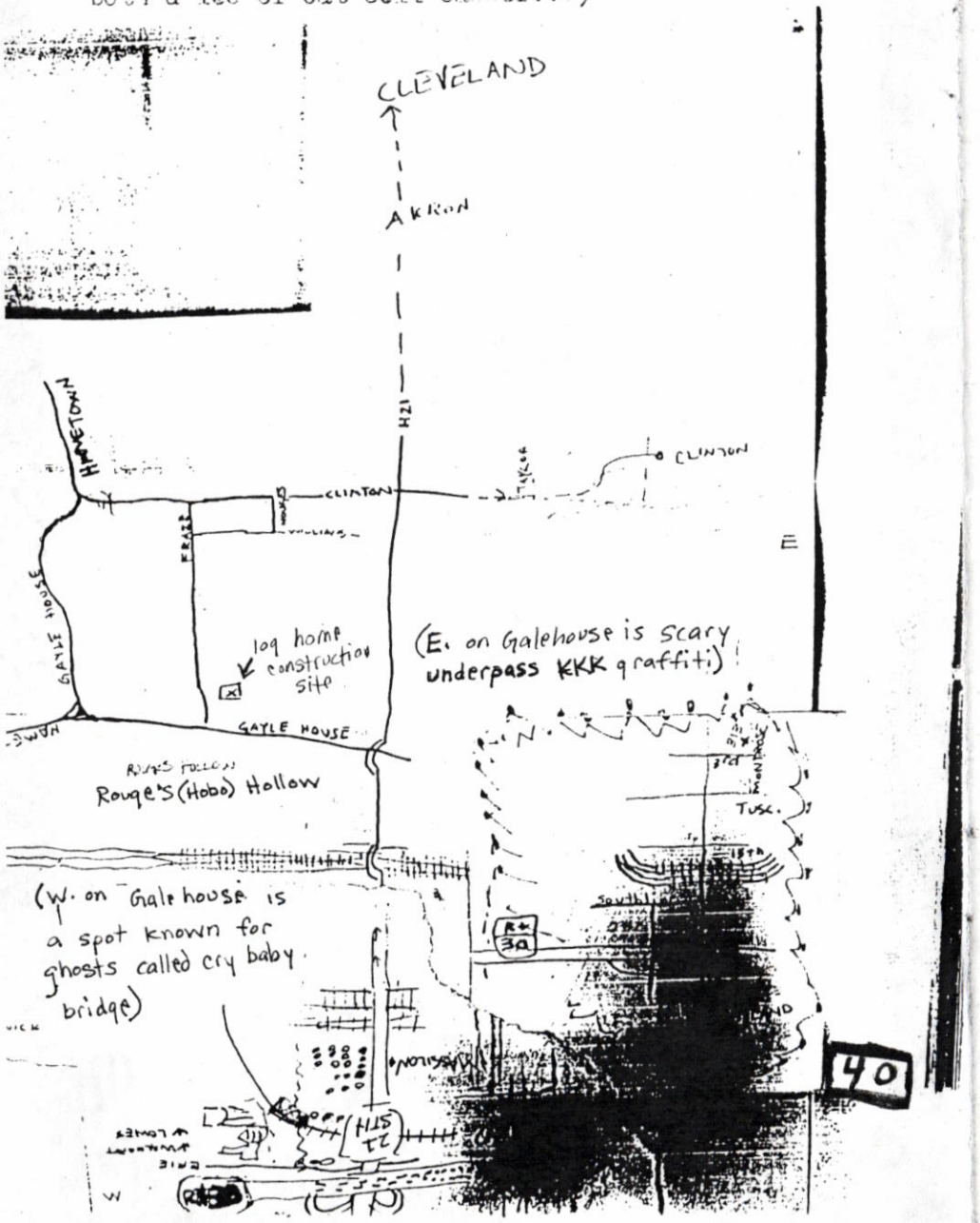
you cut those pieces out and get your stringer which looks like this



there are three for the set of stairs. One is nailed to the wall. is the center and is supported by a



a small map of the area... the big black spot at the bottom is Canton (home of ashland oil refinery along along with numerous other toxic spewing industrial complexes and oat cell cancer(this type makes up 25% of all cancers whats funny is that my grandpa and his next door neighbor of thirty years both d ied of oat cell cancer...)



I once got in a fight with a boy over kate chopin's amazing nove l ; The AWAKENING, he sez "whats so great about praising a woman who deserted he r husband & kids then killed herself!" he missed the entire beauty of ~~the~~ her journey & libera tion.

Kate chopin wa s a daring, bold, pa ssionate, radical, rockin' author from around the turn of the 19th century. Her writing has had a tremendous and inspiring impact on my life. She's writte n stories about bayou culture, women breaking free from oppressive mar riages & society, and even one about an experience smoking pot.

SHE WAS SHUNNED after writing the AWAKENING black list e d, she could no longer find work as a journalist & she had a bunch of kids to care for. The country disapr oved of a woman writing such rebelious se xual ma t erial. The Saint Louis Republic's review stated; "too strong, drink for moral babes, and should be labeled poison."

KATE CHOPIN

(1851-1904)

THE NIGHT CAME SLOWLY

I am losing my interest in human beings; in the significance of their lives and their actions. Some one has said it is better to study one man than ten books. I want neither books nor men; they make me suffer. Can one of them talk to me like the night—the Summer night? Like the stars or the caressing wind?

The night came slowly, softly, as I lay out there under the maple tree. It came creeping, creeping stealthily out of the valley, thinking I did not notice. And the outlines of trees and foliage nearby blended in one black mass and the night came stealing out from them, too, and from the east and west, until the only light was in the sky, filtering through the maple leaves and a star looking down through every cranny.

The night is solemn and it means mystery.

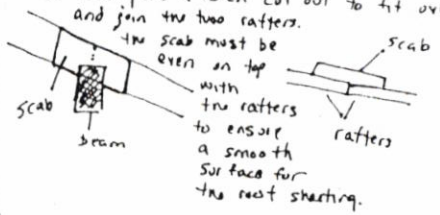
Human shapes flitted by like intangible things. Some stole up like little mice to peep at me. I did not mind. My whole being was abandoned to the soothing and penetrating charm of the night.

The katydids began their slumber song: they are at it yet. How wise they are. They do not chatter like people. They tell me only: "sleep, sleep, sleep." The wind rippled the maple leaves like little warm love thrills.

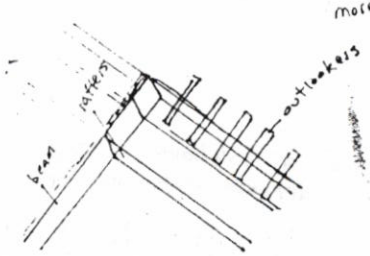
Why do fools cumber the Earth! It was a man's voice that broke the necromancer's spell. A man came to-day with his "Bible Class." He is detestable with his red cheeks and bold eyes and coarse manner and speech. What does he know of Christ? Shall I ask a young fool who was born yesterday and will die tomorrow to tell me things of Christ? I would rather ask the stars: they have seen him.

"The Night Came Slowly." Written July 24, 1894. Publi[illegible] under the title "A Scrap and a Sketch" in *Moods* [illegible] 95.

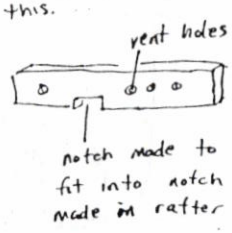
such as this
the scab gets a notch cut out to fit over the beam and join the two rafters.



The base on the inside has 4 rafters.
three rafters are on the outside to support the porch roof. Rafters are placed at 2ft apart (on center) and ~~a~~ toenailed in place.
it must be made certain that rafters along the log wall are 5½ inches above the surface of the log wall. This dimension is to ensure the fit of the outlookers.
outlookers are supports ~~pulse~~ perpendicular to the rafters which create the roof overhang.
they look like this

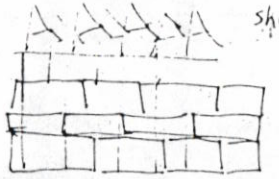


more closely they look like this.



on the outside edge of the outlookers is nailed the fascia material but this comes later.

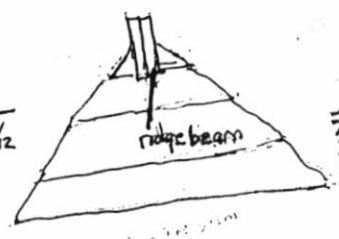
once all rafters and outlookers are placed it is time for roof sheeting. (½ inch OSB is used.) (OSB is particle board).



sheeting is set horizontally.
making sure that vertical joints ~~stag~~ stagger.

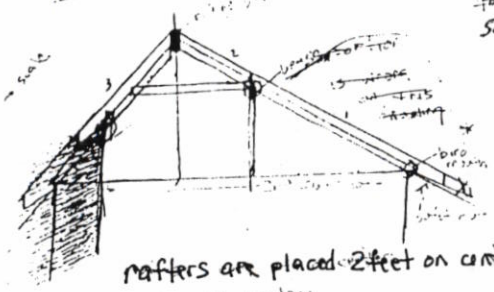
Some of it gets so confusing
more of it seems right
and I think I've been making a
mistake about not asking questions
and teaching myself

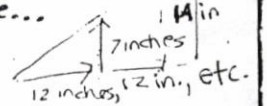
ROOF: 3 part rafter system



these measurements are the slope meaning that for every 12 inches there is a 7/inch rise (or whatever number is the numerator) ~~for example~~ see...

7/12 pitch





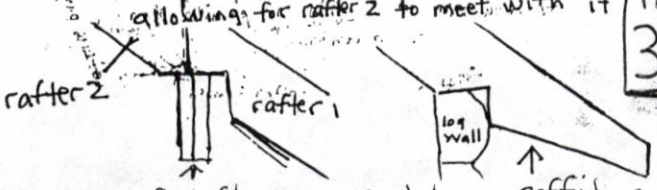
rafters are placed 2 feet on center

rafter 1 is 7/12 angle with 7/12 birdmouth cut and notch opposite

these 2 notches sit on log wall and one on beam at start of second floor left

at bird mouth resting on log wall a soffit cut is made allowing for 1x10 fascia material

at end resting on beam a vertical cut is made allowing for rafter 2 to meet with it



AN EGYPTIAN CIGARETTE

My friend, the Architect, who is something of a traveler, was showing us various curios which he had gathered during a visit to the Orient.

"Here is something for you," he said, picking up a small box and turning it over in his hand. "You are a cigarette-smoker; take this home with you. It was given to me in Cairo by a species of fakir, who fancied I had done him a good turn."

The box was covered with glazed, yellow paper, so skillfully gummed as to appear to be all one piece. It bore no label, no stamp—nothing to indicate its contents.

"How do you know they are cigarettes?" I asked, taking the box and turning it stupidly around as one turns a sealed letter and speculates before opening it.

"I only know what he told me," replied the Architect, "but it is easy enough to determine the question of his integrity."

He handed me a sharp, pointed paper-cutter, and with it I opened the lid as carefully as possible.

The box contained six cigarettes, evidently hand-made. The wrappers were of pale-yellow paper, and the tobacco was almost the same color. It was of finer cut than the Turkish or ordinary Egyptian, and threads of it stuck out at either end.

"Will you try one now, Madam?" asked the Architect, offering to strike a match.

"Not now and not here," I replied, "after the coffee, if you will permit me to slip into your smoking-den. Some of the women here detest the odor of cigarettes."

The smoking-room lay at the end of a short, curved passage. Its appointments were exclusively oriental. A broad, low window opened out upon a balcony that overhung the garden. From the divan upon which I reclined, only the swaying tree-tops could be seen. The maple leaves glistened in the afternoon sun. Beside the divan was a low stand which contained the complete paraphernalia of a smoker. I was feeling quite comfortable, and congratulated myself upon having escaped for a while the incessant chatter of the women that reached me faintly.

I took a cigarette and lit it, placing the box upon the stand just as the tiny clock, which was there, chimed in silvery strokes the hour of five.

I took one long inspiration of the Egyptian cigarette. The gray-green smoke arose in a small puffy column that spread and broadened, that seemed to fill the room. I could see the maple leaves dimly, as if they were veiled in a shimmer of moonlight. A subtle, disturbing current passed through my whole body and went to my head like the fumes of disturbing wine. I took another deep inhalation of the cigarette.

* * *

"Ah! the sand has blistered my cheek! I have lain here all day with my face in the sand. Tonight, when the everlasting stars are burning, I shall drag myself to the river."

He will never come back.

Thus far I followed him; with flying feet; with stumbling feet; with hands and knees, crawling; and outstretched arms, and here I have fallen in the sand.

The sand has blistered my cheek; it has blistered all my body, and the sun is crushing me with hot torture. There is shade beneath yonder cluster of palms.

I shall stay here in the sand till the hour and the night comes.

I laughed at the oracles and scoffed at the stars when they told that after the rapture of life I would open my arms inviting death, and the waters would envelop me.

Oh! how the sand blisters my cheek! and I have no tears to quench the fire. The river is cool and the night is not far distant.

I turned from the gods and said: "There is but one; Bardja is my god." That was when I decked myself with lilies and wove flowers into a garland and held him close in the frail, sweet fetters.

He will never come back. He turned upon his camel as he rode away. He turned and looked at me crouching here and laughed, showing his gleaming white teeth.

Whenever he kissed me and went away he always came back again. Whenever he flamed with fierce anger and left me with stinging words, he always came back. But to-day he neither kissed me nor was he angry. He only said:

"Oh! I am tired of fetters, and kisses, and you. I am going away. You will never see me again. I am going to the great city where men swarm like bees. I am going beyond, where the monster stones are rising heavenward in a monument for the unborn ages. Oh! I am tired. You will see me no more."

And he rode away on his camel. He smiled and showed his cruel white teeth as he turned to look at me crouching here.

How slow the hours drag! It seems to me that I have lain here for days in the sand, feeding upon despair. Despair is bitter and it nourishes resolve.

I hear the wings of a bird flapping above my head, flying low, in circles.

The sun is gone.

The sand has crept between my lips and teeth and under my parched tongue.

If I raise my head, perhaps I shall see the evening star.

Oh! the pain in my arms and legs! My body is sore and bruised as if broken. Why can I not rise and run as I did this morning? Why must I drag myself thus like a wounded serpent, twisting and writhing?

The river is near at hand. I hear it—I see it—Oh! the sand! Oh! the shine! How cool! how cold!

The water! the water! In my eyes, my ears, my throat! It strangles me! Help! will the gods not help me?

Oh! the sweet rapture of rest! There is music in the Temple. And here is fruit to taste. Bardja came with the music—The moon shines and the breeze is soft—A garland of flowers—let us go into the King's garden and look at the blue lily, Bardja.

The maple leaves looked as if a silvery shimmer enveloped them. The gray-green smoke no longer filled the room. I could hardly lift the lids of my eyes. The weight of centuries seemed to suffocate my soul that struggled to escape, to free itself and breathe.

I had tasted the depths of human despair.

The little clock upon the stand pointed to a quarter past five. The cigarettes still reposed in the yellow box. Only the stub of the one I had smoked remained. I had laid it in the ash tray.

As I looked at the cigarettes in their pale wrappers, I wondered what other visions they might hold for me; what might I not find in their mystic fumes? Perhaps a vision of celestial peace; a dream of hopes fulfilled; a taste of rapture, such as had not entered into my mind to conceive.

I took the cigarettes and crumpled them between my hands. I walked to the window and spread my palms wide. The light breeze caught up the golden threads and bore them writhing and dancing far out among the maple leaves.

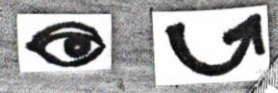
SHE battled the oppressive world around her with her pen and did a da mn good job.

My friend, the Architect, lifted the curtain and entered, bringing me a second cup of coffee.

"How pale you are!" he exclaimed, solicitously. "Are you not feeling well?"

"A little the worse for a dream," I told him.

FIN

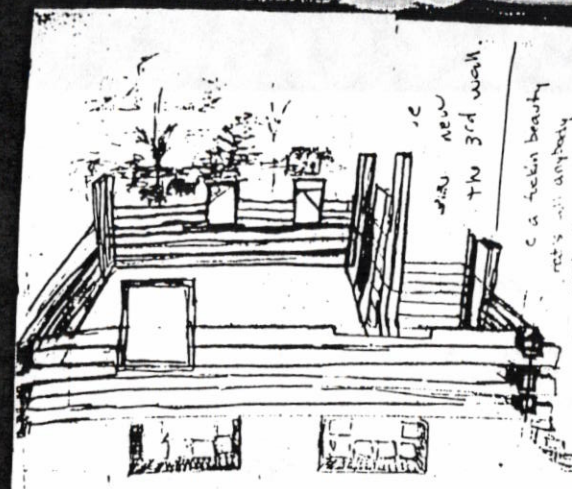


WHAT DO YOU THINK ?

The church is just another form of constraint because it reinforces the oppressive nature of society towards woman being nothing more than domestic & reproductive tools. Therefore it is understandable that Chopin would take a stance that is antipathy to Christianity

PEACE AT LAST

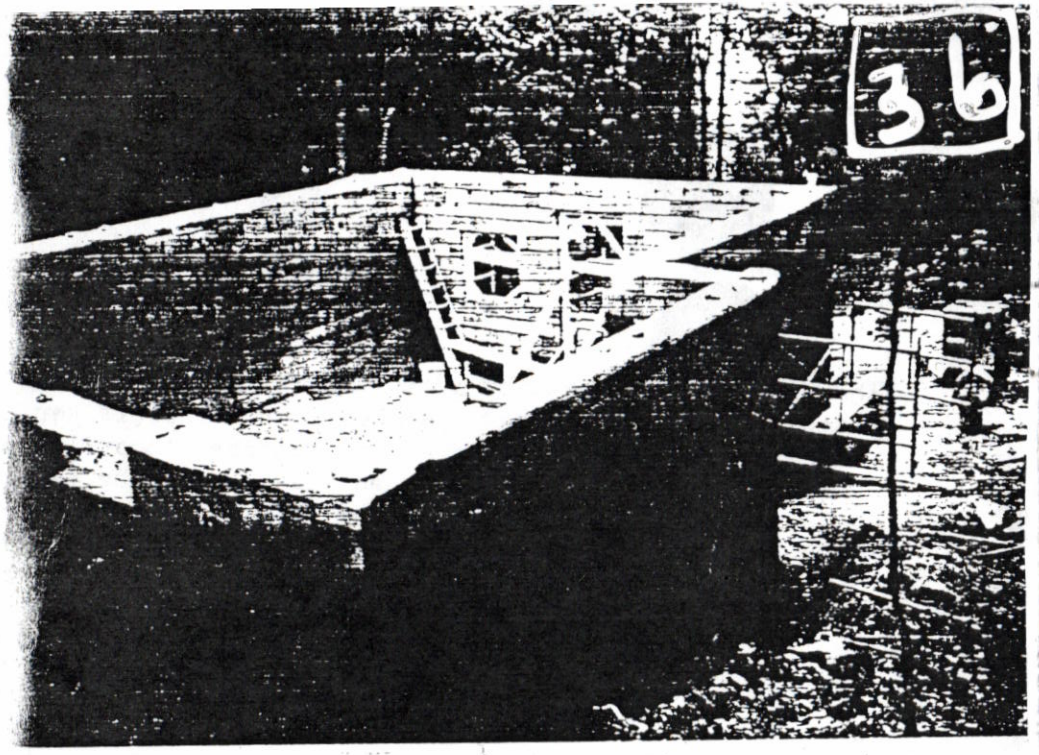
by Jon Driskell
illustrated by Jon Driskell



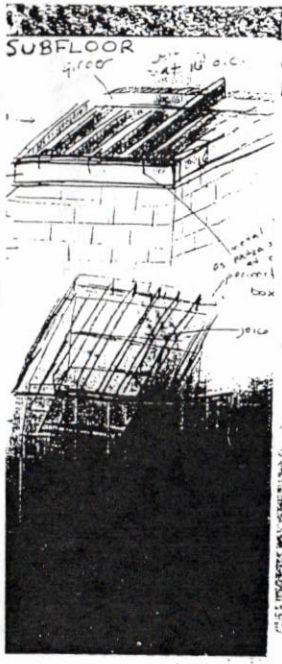
So much like linoen logs

log course 3
log course 2
log course 1
poor buck
inside corner support post
poor jack

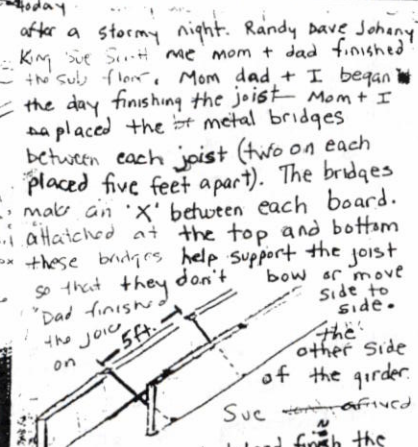
Original Page Image Courtesy of Indiana University Archives



the foundation when i arrived.



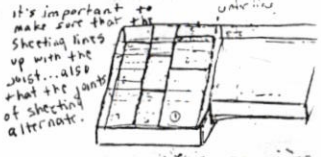
today after a stormy night. Randy Dave Johany King Sue Scott me mom + dad finished the sub floor. Mom dad + I began the day finishing the joist Mom + I placed the metal bridges between each joist (two on each placed five feet apart). The bridges make an 'X' between each board. attaiched at the top and bottom these bridges help support the joist so that they don't bow or move side to side.



after this and helped finish the job. shortly after Randy arrived and video taped the progress from the day before. Dave arrived with his friend Jk and we began assembling the subfloor.

(T+G) particle board sheeting used for the floor. first make pl with the edge of perime box. beginning in the center c the girder beam and workin towards the edge. Adhesive is set on each joist, the s cut and placed then nailt down.

on the subfloor we had to measure the center line of the perimeter box. You begin at th center line and work across it then out to t edge



once the entire subfloor was assem had to paint it. This is to protect from witness as well as to mark placement of electric, plumbing an interior walls.

The hour was late.

Mr. D was tired. Mrs. D was tired. Everybody was tired.

So they all went to bed.

Christine fell asleep. Jon didn't. Christine began to snore,

"Snore" went Christine

"Snore, Snore, Snore."

"Ohno!" said Jon.

"I can't take THIS!"

So he went into Josh's room.

Josh was not asleep. Neither was his cold.

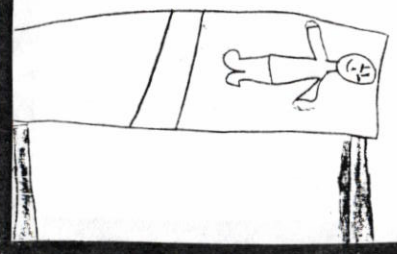
"Get out achoo of achoo Here achoo Jo achoo Jon!"

"Ge achoo out!"

"Oh NO!" said Jon.

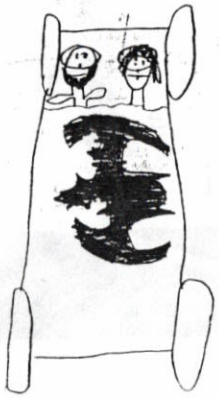
"I can't take This!"

So he went into the kitchen.



"BRR" went the refridgerator. "Brr, BRR, BRR."

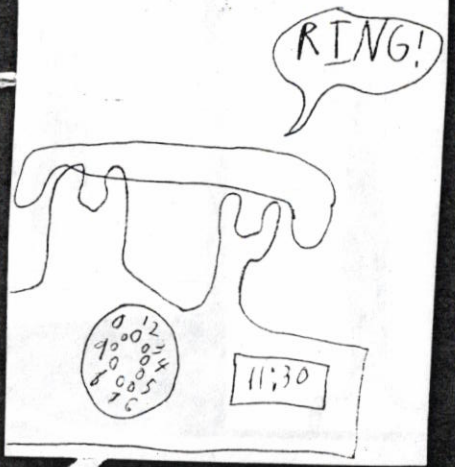
"Ohno!" said Jon. "I can't take THIS!" So he went into his parents room.



Their phone was not asleep.

"Ring," went the phone. "Ring, Ring, Ring."

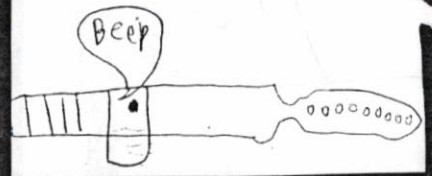
"Ohno!" said Jon. "I can't tak THIS!" So he went into the game room.



The beeper was not asleep.

"Beep," went the beeper. "Beep, Beep, Beep!"

"Ohno!" said Jon. "I can't take This!" So he went into the living room.



The midnight avon lady was not asleep.

"Ding, Dong, please buy our products," went the avon lady. "Ding, Ding, Ding, Dong, Ding, Dong."

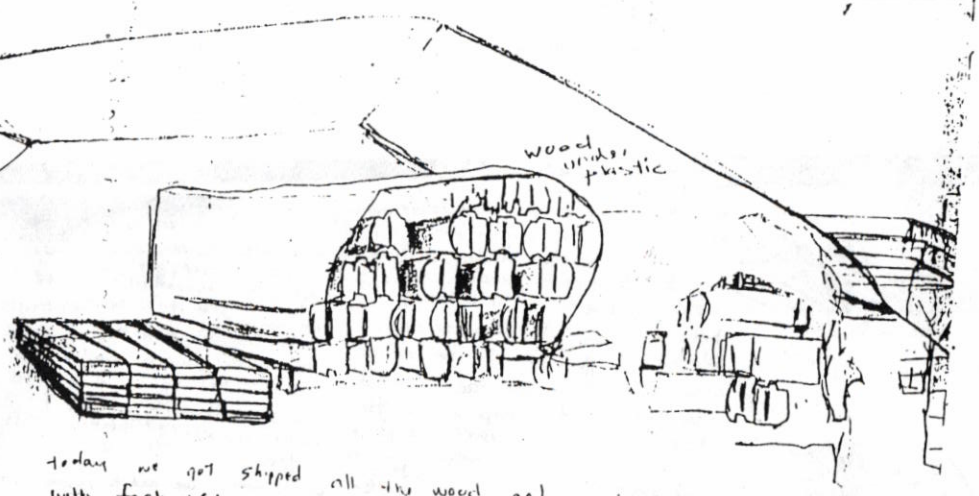
"Ohno!" said Jon. "I can't take THIS!" So he went into the bathroom.

the kit gets delivered by a semi truck and is unloaded with a forklift that you myst rent or borrow(if yer lucky) each log is numbered and lettered accordingly unfortunately the company makes mistakes on the blueprints and as novices we made mistakes so the difficulties do reveal themselv

it just gets put together like a puzzle

first the sub floor goes down

well, after the seal around the top of the cinder blocks

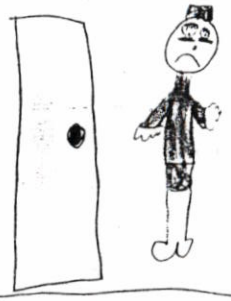


today we got shipped all the wood and scaffolding with fork lift we unloaded all the wood and scaffolding we had to make pallats and places dry to cover the wood. we assembled some of the scaffolding and are now taking a brake

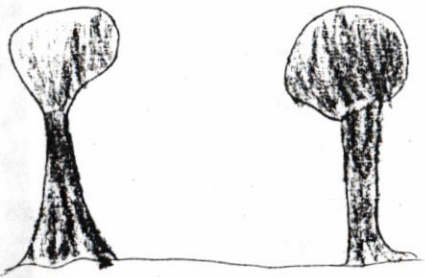
T he
following
fe w pages ar e
a br ief chronicle of
the two months I spent in ohio
w.ith my folks. it was two months
of a gr oup of inexperienced people
trying t o figure out how to assemble a log
cabin kit... i arrived in late august and
there was a cind r block foundation which
a seve ntyt yo italian man built with the help
of his son. much work was put int o the pro
project be for i arrived ... things such
such as excavition clearing out deadfall
cutting down dead trees clearing the land
land of multiflora rosa and wild grape
(two species of plantslife that grows
completely wild and often suffocates any
plantlife that it chooses to climb on...)
much of this work was done by my parents alone
day in and day out o f machet e chopping
dragging piling and burning those invasions o
of viney growth.
it ,s funny how my parents came upon this land
after months of driving down the back roads of
wayneco unty ohio one day they saw this lot for
sale, they decide to stop and ask the neighbor who
was out mowing his lawn and the neighbor turned out
to be the owner. its in an area of wayne county
known as Rouges Hollow which has pages of folklore
behind the name... not to ment ion ghost st ories
what i know is that back in t he day the whole
area was heavilt mined for coal. years later
the land was used as a dairy farm... at the
bottom of the valley is atrain yard
and i guess that back in the
day the area was teaming
w ith hobos(hence
the name)

The garbage can's smell was not asleep.
"Smell," went the garbage can. "Smell, Smell, Smell."
"Ohno!" said Jon "I can't take THIS!"
So he went into the hall.

"Ffe," went the static electricity. "Ffe, Ffe, Ffe!"
"Ohno!" said Jon, "I can't take THIS!" So he went into the study.

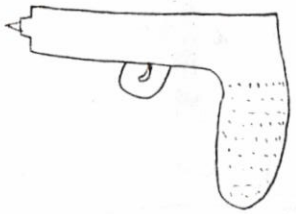


The earthquake was not asleep.
"Bang!" went the shelves. "Bang, Bang, Bang!"
"Ohno!" said Jon, "I can't take THIS!"
So he went into the backyard.



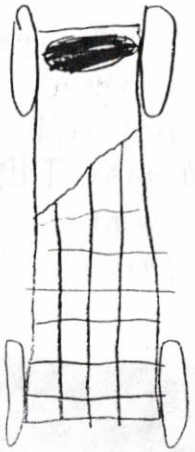
The wind was not asleep. "Swoosh!" went the wind. "Swoosh, swoosh, swoosh!"
"Ohno!" said Jon. "I can't take THIS!"
So he went on the front porch.

The robber was not asleep. "The police!" went the robber. "Ohno, Ohno, Ohno!" "Ohno!" said Jon. "I can't take THIS!" So he went into the garage.



The stinkbugs were not asleep. "P.U.!" said Jon. "P.U., P.U., P.U.. Ohno!" said Jon. "It smells horrible!" So he went into his room again.

Christine was not snoring. "Peace at last!" said Jon



Then he heard his mom's voice, Get up now, time for school, hut 2, hut 2, hut 2!"

"Peace at last my foot!" grumbled Jon

Escaping Doldrum Stacks

The maddening moans of our displaced mob
filter through shattered baby blue windows
down corridors of conspiracy.
Dust bunnies mutate into threatening respiratory
hating rhinos because of almost a
decade of neglect.

Awakening from hibernation we peel off our
cadaverous shells of winter.
Gentle gazes of astonishment are lured to the mesmerizing
full moon and the enormous ring of white surrounding it.
We are like children
intrigued at the loss of red
balloons whose dainty knots sneakily tip toe towards freedom.
The balloons shrink into the sky until
they reduce to the size of pimples
among the craters of the milky ball
238,857 miles above.

We climb up the metal ladder.
The latch unlocks. Unified heart
beats intensify:
the warm wind revitalizes us as we gasp for oxygen.
We've reached the FOURTH floor, heaven.

The instigator sticks his glasses,
without lenses into his plaid pocket
and begins waltzing tenderly,
embracing an imaginary partner.
stones grumble at his feet.

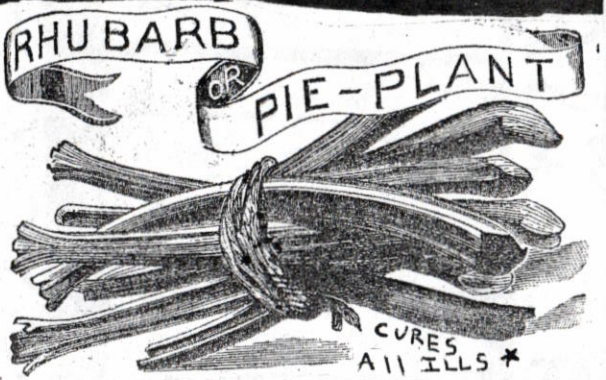
The moon is a nipple.
The comforting puddle of blue hues
creates roundness, the circle of light is
the outline of the breast.
We suckle off of its beauty.

We curl up at the foot of the Febuary
(I know its spelled wrong nobody ever says FebRuary though)
sky like loyal dogs.
We snuggle into virgin pebbles
that carpet the remote roof top.
Far below, Robots with pulsating tumors
of technology growing on their
heads steer away from near collisions of
other robots who have
plotted their courses too close.
Lunacy spreads
like yawning dominoes.

THE FIVE US HOLD HANDS,
SPREAD OUR WINGS
AND SOAR TO NEVER NEVERLAND

Gypsy woman
Ταγγάνα,

AHHH RHUBARB HOW
SWEET & BITTER
THOU ART.
"IF YOU LOVE IT SO
MUCH WHY DON'T YOU
MARRY IT?" Maybe...
* RHUBARB IS A
Vegetable that grows
in colder climates
* It's Rich in Vit. C
& GOOD FOR Digestion
* its leaves ARE Poison
* if you BURN your
POTS & PANS SCRUB
em with RHUBARB
* RHUBARB ROCKS!



AS LAMAR BUTTON SEZ DON'T TAKE MY WORD FOR IT

Mullein →

OOOHH AHHH!
MULLEIN IS A
Herbal Decongestant
& Breaks up Phlem.
You CAN SMOKE OR
drink it as TEA.
It's A Huge Green
PLANT, GODDAMN. WE
FOUND this Amazing
MULLEIN PLANT growing
OUT of A BRICK WALL
IN KNOXVILLE!!!

RHUBARB CRISP

3 cup diced RHU. / 1 cup SUGA / 1 tb. GINGER / 1 tb. FLOUR

TOP LAYER: ½ cup FLOUR / ½ cup BROWN SUGA / ½ t.s GROUND GINGER / 4 tbs OLEO (MARGARINE COLD CHUNKS) ½ cup OATMEAL / ½ LEMON (JUICE) 1 tablespoon CINN.

Might I ADD: THROWING Some Finely chopped Apples OR Strawberries... UP IN DA' MIX IS Muy BUENA.

PUT RHUBARB, 1 Cup SugAR, 1 tb. Ginger, & 2 tablespoons (FLOUR) FLOUR in A Big Blue BOWL (GREEN BOWLS don't WORK) & toss it. TURN it into A GROUSED oiled PAN 9"...

COMBINE Topping INGREdient SIN BOWL & Whip it Good Until CRUMBLY. SPREAD CRUMB MIXTURE OVER RHUBARB & BAKE @ 350° FOR 45-50 Minutes until it's tender & TOPPING IS BROWNED TO PERFECTO!

INDIAN RHUBARB LENTILS

1 Huge Sweet Potatoe Peeled thinly / 1 cup DICED
1 cup dry orange lentils / 1 tblspn oil / RHUBARB
1 tablespoon CURRY P. / 2 tbs. liquid sweetner / DASH SALT PEPPER
ince tinsy Chili powder / 1 tblspn ginger Root Grated
¼ cup Shredded coconut / ¼ cup Shred. CARROTT

COVER LENTILS W/ H2O IN Deep Pot, Boil, then ADD RAW Sweet Pot. SLICES (low SIMMER) until about an HOUR. REMOVE, DRAIN, set aside, PREHEAT OVEN to 400°. HEAT RHUBARB W/ oil in SKILLET (LOW HEAT) until TENDER. ADD OTHER SEASONINGS, MIX WITH MASHED LENTILS/POTATOES BAKE 20 MINUTES. GARNISH COCONUT + RICE

RHUBARB is BEST ENJOYED WITH KIND PALS AND PITCH FORKS

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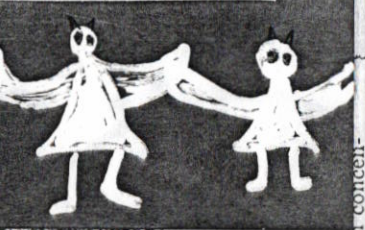

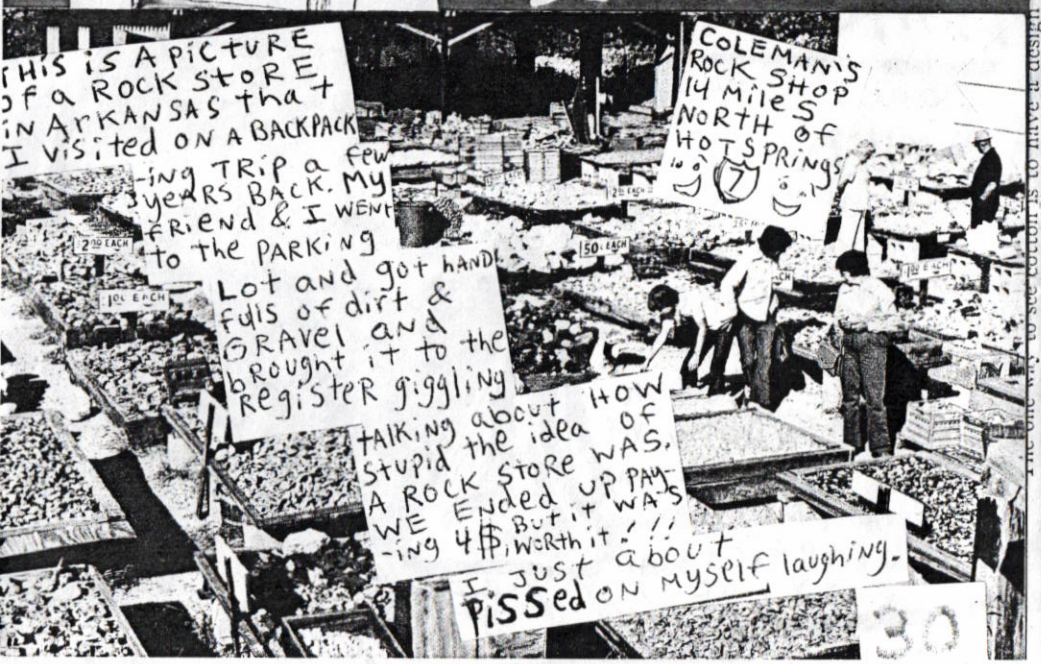

The one way to see colors is to have a design concept-

POETRY SOUP

Tony

Small troubled boys blast bazooka
branches and pine cone
grenades into the forest.
They fight what is not visable.
Tony looks up to me with bright
green fierce eyes and offers
me a mossy hand gun,
"here, you'll be safe with this,
keep it in your purse.
The robbers can't hurt you now."
Babes with clenched fists and steel
lunch boxes that contain pickles
and pain sandwiches. We crawl together
deeper into the thick underbrush.

I Won't Let Go Of Mexican Jumping Beans

We snicker and cackle at the smiling pigs
ironically adorning barbeque shops.
The intensity of the laughing trickles
down my jeans making the plastic
seat warm, wet, uncomfortable.
We put-put-putter down the avenue in a
tiny red volkswagon Fox.
A suburban christian women
donated it to my friend the hermit crab woman
out of pity.

The ancient paint is pealing off the brick walls.
The happy pink pig wears a neatly tied bib.
He grasps a fork with a eager and hungry
look in his eye, as if he were licking his lips
at the sight of my thick thighs.

Prosperity street is a dead end.
I tie my hoody around my waist before we vacate the car.
No reason to bother locking the doors.
Inside the thrift store Dianna and I find
treasures galore stacked in disorganized
piles of lovliness to the ceiling.
Broken baby dolls, mildewed linens,
amputated thunder cat figurines, frayed jackets,
used karma sutra oil,
and crucified jesus icons all wailing,
" Take me home and love me just one more time!"
The cow bell clangs against the glass door.

We leave the cries behind in search of lost
ruins of innocent tranquility.

ON the Night the ASIAN MOON SHONE BRIGHT I WONDERED IF IT WAS RIGHT TO THINK I had caused any STRIFE 1,300 MILES WONDERING WITH the MAZY MOTION that them & I left a happy place AND I WONDER if they think of THE GIRL WHO WENT SOUTH WHO NOW SPEAKS WITH A DRAWL LIKE MOUTH (Age 14)

MMM CHOCOLATE CAKE

MY BUSH IS MIGHTIER THAN GEORGE

FOR DESSERT!